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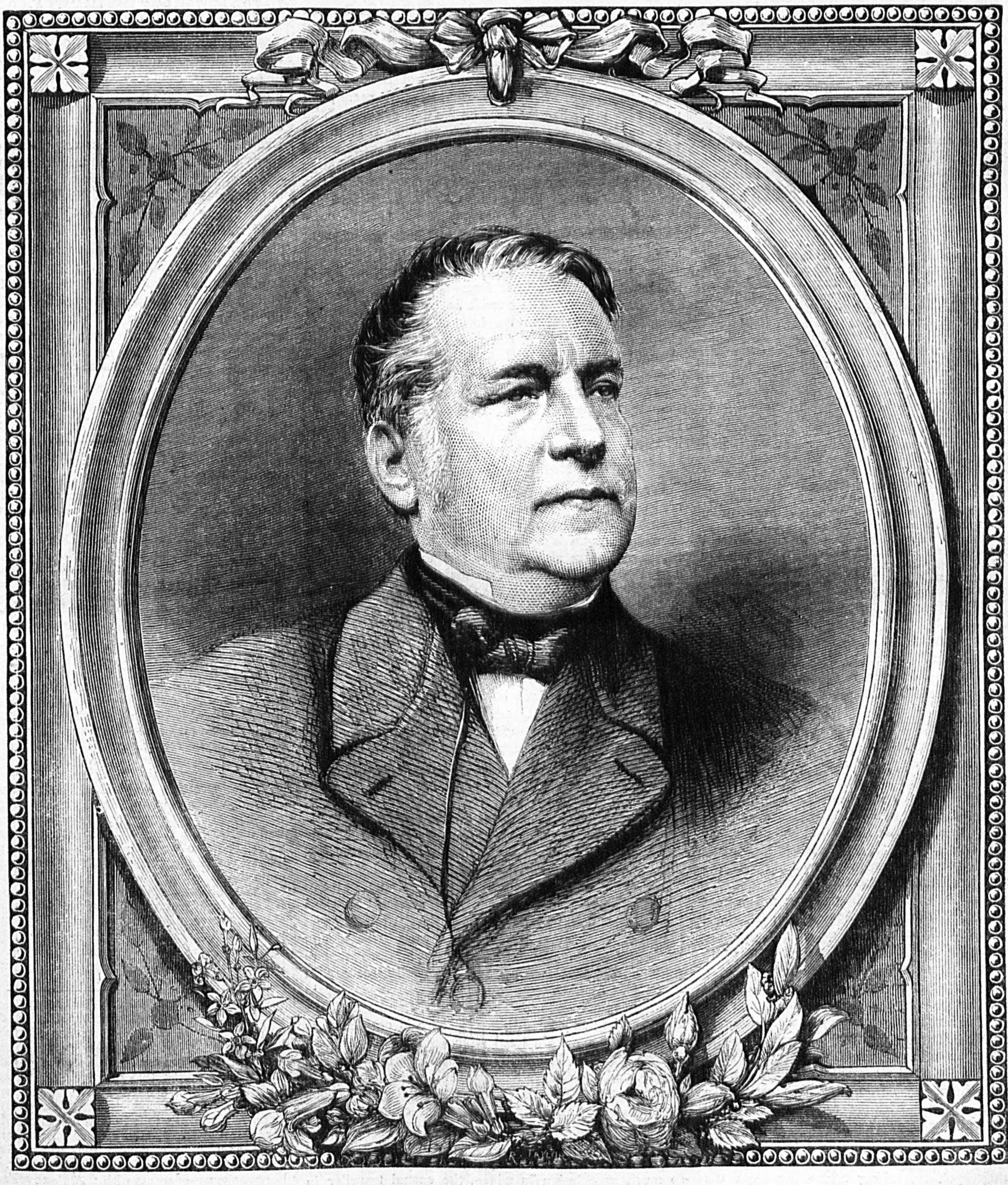


O CONSELHEIRO NABUCO.

PICTURES ON ENGLISH RAILWAYS.

THE GREAT WESTERN.

South Devon.

Both our pictures last week represented coast scenery in Cornwall; but we must not neglect Devon till Cornwall is finished. In these calm, delightful summer days the sweet sea-border scenery between Exeter and Plymouth presents itself at its best; while the terrible and sublime rocky shores of our westernmost county are witnessed in their utmost grandeur when the storm rages, when the sea-bird screams, when clouds, wildly careering in the sky, obscure the sunlight, and when the waves dash and break themselves with a terrible roar upon the strange shapes of broken granite which form the extreme skirts of our island in that latitude. If the reader will compare the two pictures on pages 372 and 373 he may form some idea of the different characteristics of the coast scenery of the two counties. Not that there is not rough weather on the South Devon coast. The winters are sometimes awful, and many a wreck is made not many miles from that charming cove on page 372. But compared with West Cornwall, whose waters scarcely ever run smooth, the sea about South Devon is but a lake, and the scenery is chiefly beautiful, while that of the more westerly county is terrific. Before we say anything of the scene of our Devon picture we will dwell for a moment on the district in the midst of which it is situated, whereof it forms a charming specimen. We glanced hastily last week at the general character of the country through which the Great Western line runs after passing Exeter. We will quote now from the traveller's best friend, Murray, a short passage summing up the attractions of the locality:—

> If the traveller could obtain a bird's-eye view over the three western counties of England he would behold in Cornwall and Devon a surface of accumulated hills, rising in certain districts to a considerable elevation, and in Somerset branching into distinct ranges bounding intermediate plains. Nature has, therefore, in this part of the kingdom, laid the groundwork of great scenic beauty, which she has farther developed by protruding the rocky strata through the surface, and by girding the favoured land with a magnificent array of cliffs, and an ocean which is in sight from most of the eminences. In Devon the mode of cultivating the ground is in harmony with this picturesque disposition of the surface; while the barren and elevated moors, having hitherto been left intact, delight the eye by wild and imposing prospects. . . . To Devonshire has nature very classically given the *apple*, for she is pre-eminently the *beauty* of the western counties. The district derives its name from the innumerable heights and hollows diversifying the surface, and to the embellishment of which the soil and the climate, and even the labour of man, have contributed. The lanes are steep and narrow, and bordered by tangled hedges, often thirty feet above the road, sheltering even the hills from the rigour of unfriendly blasts. In the deep, shadowy *combs* the villages lie nestled, with roseate walls of clay and roofs of thatch, and seldom far from one of those crystal streams which enliven every valley of this rocky county. Even the cliffs of the coast are festooned with creepers, while old weather-worn limekilns crown them like castles, and woods descend to the very brink of the sea. For those who relish less cultivated scenes, Dartmoor presents a waste of rock-capped heights and dark morasses, most truly forlorn and wild. But the tints of the moor are of surpassing beauty, the air is most exhilarating, and the grandeur of its lovely hills is calculated to impress the most apathetic tourists.

The district called the "South Hams," bounded north and south, east and west, by the Tamar and the Teign, and north and south by Dartmoor and the Channel, is known as the "garden of Devonshire," and it is within the compass of those lines that the tourist will find

Anstey's Cove.

Incidentally, though not by name, we referred last week to this most lovely spot as one of the very pearls of Devonshire coast scenery. Our artist has followed us very quickly. Anstey's Cove is shut out from all sights and sounds save those of sea and sky and the brilliant walls of this circle of rocks. It is a retreat for the weary traveller which might almost tempt him to say he will go no further, but rest in peace and the enjoyment of a picture of unsurpassed beauty.

Anstey's Cove is situated about three miles from Torquay in a northerly direction along the coast, about half a mile south of Babbicombe Bay, which is another of the charming sights of the immediate locality. From Torquay the tourist may drive to a broken gateway which admits him at once to the Cove. He will find there three or four bathing machines, a boat house and pleasure boats, and generally a supply of fresh lobsters on sale at a little fisherman's hut. In our artist's notes the cove is spoken of as a very lovely retired spot, abounding with all that the romantic tourist can wish. It is approached, he says, from the high road by a gentle sloping roadway between rocks and wooded scenery. On arriving upon the sea-shore the silvery appearance of the sand strikes the eye. Eastward a bold mass of rocks forms a headland, round which the waves are continually sporting, rolling afterwards upon the silvery beach with a gentle murmur, except in stormy weather, when they rush in furiously enough. The rocks are clothed with verdure almost to the water's edge, forming a striking contrast to the wilder scenery of Land's End and Kynance Cove.

We will not quit the picture without quoting also the brief, neat description of the cove given in "Murray's Handbook:"—

> Anstey's Cove is justly considered one of the most beautiful spots on the coast. It is sheltered from the wind by lofty cliffs very brilliantly coloured and glossy like satin, and based on a beach of white crystalline shingle, derived from the slates in the neighbourhood. The rocks in the centre form buttresses of limestone which are ivied like a ruin, and screen a little undercliff and tangled wood. The northern horn of the cove is a promontory of limestone and a busy quarry; a seat on its summit commands, in one direction, a view in which hills and patches of sea are very curiously intermingled; and in another the headlands from Teignmouth to Portland stretched out in long succession.

Tol Pedn Penwith.

Page 373 takes us back to Cornwall. Here is no glassy sea, and no hill covered with verdure to the water's edge. The granite is tall, rugged and bare, and is beaten on for ever by the restless waves. Tol Pedn Penwith is not more than six miles from Land's End, measuring by the walk along the cliff; but that walk is pedestrian work; it is not available for riding. But since Land's End is not usually the tourist's station, we must take it from Penzance, whence the spot can be reached by the aid of a "fly," provided by the proprietors of the Penzance omnibuses.

The passage to the rocks is very diversified. You pass through curious bye-roads and by rugged paths and over moorlands. The mass of rock depicted in our sketch is found after a gradual descent. It comes into view suddenly, and can hardly fail to strike the beholder with a feeling of awe. Somehow the thought is suggested of the many centuries upon centuries during which these proud rocks have lifted their heads in defiance of the roaring and beating sea, whose fury never wholly ceases. The rocks seem piled upon each other like the caps on the tops of some of the tors on Dartmoor, and one might imagine that in the height of a great storm the superincumbent mass would be carried away into the sea; but little or no change has ever been observed or recorded in the details of this remarkable scene. When the tourist has seen Tol Pedn Penwith, which is, indeed, one of the lions of the Land's End district, he will find many a noble headland near by which will well repay his search.

The meaning of Tol Pedn Penwith, is "the holed headland in Penwith." It forms the western boundary of Mount's Bay. The tourist is particularly recommended to descend to the level of the sea in order to obtain the best view of the rocks. The chief of these columns of stone are called the Carn Mellyn, the Carn Brawse, and the Great Carn. The Runnel Stone, a notable and dangerous granite rock, may be seen rising from the surface of the waves out at sea about a mile from the promontory. Geologists value Tol Pedn for its fine specimens of a rare sort of granite.

Notes on Penzance.

Penzance should only be regarded by the tourist as a centre of operations. He may make this curious little town his headquarters for a few days with great advantage. The town is a miserable place in itself, and the tradesmen seem altogether to lack enterprise. Seeing that Penzance has many claims to be considered a watering place, which claims the tradesmen of the town are eager to put forward, it is not a little surprising that the town does nothing to increase the local attractions of the sea and beach. The authorities of Penzance neither advertise their town nor subscribe for a band of music, nor take any steps whatever to make the place popular. What is done in this way seems to be left to the proprietor of the Queen's Hotel. Penzance has a fine open bay, affording excellent bathing, boating, and fishing. We advise visitors to stay at the Queen's, which is the best and, indeed, the only large hotel in Penzance. It has a fine frontage to the sea, and is a clean, comfortable house, with a capital *table d'hôte* at seven every evening. The proprietor supplies carriages for excursions. Adjoining the Queen's is Lavin's Hotel and Boarding-house, and there are other boarding and lodging-houses very pleasantly situated on the Esplanade. There are also excellent private baths at the Bather's House. Lodgings are not expensive, but for a few days the visitor will find his best and, probably, his cheapest plan will be to stay at the hotel. He will be wise in writing in advance for beds. Penzance is adjacent to some of the most striking and impressive scenery in England. A week may be spent most enjoyably in making excursions to the Logan Rock, Land's End, the Lizards, the Scilly Islands, &c. There is one thing to be avoided—a certain local mine which was visited by the Prince and Princess of Wales. It is not worth seeing, and the charge for exhibiting what is not worth seeing is ten shillings a head. The local guide books "gush" over this wonderful mine, of course, but the wary tourist will not be led astray by guide books. We may here give the reader a general caution about the mines of Cornwall. In the present time, when there is so much speculation in mines, the casual traveller in Cornwall is not likely to be shown anything of real importance in the mining districts. There is plenty to be seen of geological interest without donning a miner's jacket and being deluded into unhealthy headings, lighted by bad tallow candles. A long and happy day may be spent, for example, at the Land's End, where the air seems to be a little purer, the sea greener, and the rocks rougher than at any other part of the coast. Pedestrians walk many of the excursions which are set down for accomplishment by carriage and boat. Every information with regard to routes can be obtained at Penzance, and in some cases personal information picked up at your hotel or lodgings is better than you will obtain from the guide books, which, so far as this district of Cornwall is concerned, are neither reliable in their details nor entertaining in their general matter. The special charm of Penzance and the many coves and bays and glorious bits of coast adjacent is that the district is not overrun with the cheap tourist. The railways in this district do not run those excursion trains which flood many other places two or three times a week with roughs. You may be as quiet and retired as you please in the neighbourhood of Penzance, and you may live at a reasonable expense and dress as moderately as you choose. There are the elements of a popular watering place, in the vulgar sense, at Penzance, but at present its attractions are more of the primitive order, and we advise our friends to visit this westerly point before its distinctive features are levelled down to the same character as the ordinary seaside towns that abound in other parts of the coast.

FROM PADDINGTON TO PENZANCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER."

Sir,—I have to thank you for your interesting tourist pictures and the valuable information which has, so far, accompanied them. It may interest some of my countrymen who are going to the sea to have a casual letter upon my practical experience of a journey west from Paddington. I went straight on by the 11.45 train, as advertised, to Dawlish, which is a short distance beyond Exeter, stayed there the next day; went on again, and spent the next day at Plymouth, and the next day ran down to Penzance. The trains are slow from Plymouth, but they pass through some fine scenery, and the permanent way is in good condition, so that you travel easily. I found Penzance a quiet, out-of-the-world place, and I enjoyed the bathing immensely. There are only a few machines, and the gentlemen mostly bathe from boats in the bay. From Penzance I went one day to the Lizards, another to the Land's End, and took three other days at the Scilly Islands, and I never had a pleasanter time, and never saw a finer or more remarkable variety of scenery in my life. The public will hold you largely in favour, I am sure, by your laudable attempt to popularise the too little known coast of Cornwall.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

A Tourist.

SCOTTISH PET NAMES.

Scottish dialects are peculiarly rich in terms of endearment; more so than the pure Anglican. Without at all pretending to exhaust the subject, we may cite the following as examples of the class of terms we speak of. Take the names for parents, "Daddie" and "Minnie;" names for children, "My wee bit lady" or "laddie," "My wee bit lamb;" of a general nature, "My ain kind dearie." "Dawtie," especially used to young people, described by Jamieson a darling or favourite, one who is dawted, *i.e.*, fondled or caressed. My "jo" expresses affection with familiarity, evidently derived from joy—an easy transition, as "My jo, Janet;" "John Anderson, my jo, John." Of this character is Burns's address to a wife, "My winsome" (*i.e.*, engaging, charming) "wee thing;" also to a wife, "My winsome marrow," the latter word signifying a dear companion, one of a pair closely allied to each other; also the address of Rob the Ranter to Maggie Lauder, "My bonnie bird." Now we would remark upon this abundant nomenclature of kindly expressions in the Scottish dialect that it assumes an interesting position as taken in connection with the Scottish life and character, and as a set-off against a frequent short and grumpy manner. It indicates how often there must be a current of tenderness and affection in the Scottish heart, which is so frequently represented to be, like its climate, "stern and wild." There could not be such terms were the feelings they express unknown. We believe it often happens that in the Scottish character there is a vein of deep and kindly feeling lying hid under a short and hard and somewhat stern manner. Hence has arisen the Scottish saying which is applicable to such cases, "His grin's waur than his bite"—his disposition is of a softer nature than his words and manner would often lead you to suppose.

Royal Gallery of Illustration.—Mr. and Mrs. German Reed have produced a new entertainment, entitled "Relations," by Arthur Sketchley. It is a little domestic piece, highly amusing and interesting from beginning to end. The music by German Reed is bright and pretty, two or three of the songs being of high merit. "Since yesterday," sung by Miss Fanny Holland, and "Good Night," sung by Mr. Arthur Cecil, we venture to say will be encored every night. Mr. German Reed, Mrs. German Reed, and Mr. Arthur Cecil, each play a double part. Mr. Arthur Cecil is very clever in his double character. Mr. Corney Grain begins the programme with "A Fancy Fair," and ends it with a new *morceau*, "Romeo and Juliet"—two very successful sketches.

The Return.—Our engraving on page 368 is from the first work of Friedrich Hiddemann, a rising young German painter of the Düsseldorf school. It is a true artistic picture, full of fine feeling and character.

OUR LONDON NOTE BOOK.

THE SCHOOL BOARD.

PAYING a third visit to the Guildhall on a Wednesday afternoon, we act as guide once again to the show during a meeting of the London School Board. We must dwell, however, more briefly than hitherto upon subjects of gossip which present themselves, for the members are hastening off upon their "long vacation," and the room will soon be empty for a time. Of the forty-nine members our country visitor will want only a few pointed out to him, though every man there is to some extent a man of mark.

In a somewhat obscure back seat of the benches which occupy the side of the room upon the Chairman's right hand sits Mr. W. H. Smith, the member for Westminster, of whom a portrait and a pen-and-ink sketch appeared in these pages a few weeks ago. Mr. Smith is not one of the constant speakers at the Board meetings, although he is very rarely absent. Unless he has a resolution to move, or an amendment well prepared before-hand, and carefully submitted to a goodly following of friends, he does not often take a prominent part in a debate. If the subject is one of considerable importance, but not one of the few in which he is a leader, it will hardly go to the vote without a few words from him; but his speech will be brief, at quite the latter end of the debate, and will be rather judicial than argumentative, his object being to bring to a compromise those of the combatants between whom there is least conflict. He watches very carefully for these chances, but he is never rash in throwing out suggestions for mutual concession, and when he does interpose it is very often with good effect. He achieved a signal triumph in one of the earliest of the great discussions of the Board, by carrying his resolution in favour of giving a certain amount of religious instruction in London School Board schools; and although his resolution had a rather complicated look, it has formed the basis of many another on the same subject in the proceedings of the country School Boards. Mr. Smith is, beyond question, a man possessing a good deal of influence on the Board, and he uses it with a large amount of discretion. Near him sits Lord Sandon, one of the members of Parliament for Liverpool. He also represents a Westminster constituency at this Board, and his labour is thrown very much into the same scale with that of Mr. Smith. But he is a more active man and a more frequent speaker. When he has a set address to make, which is not a very unusual occurrence, he forms an interesting study. He speaks like one who is convinced by reason, but not by feeling, of the policy and propriety of conciliating his opponents. By nature he is a keen and uncompromising upholder of the faith that is in him, and by nature he is a combatant. He seems to spare his foes only by putting a constraint upon himself. In the art of making out a case which shall seem to deserve the consideration of those who differ from him he is no mean artist. He compels a careful and thoughtful reply, as if he had conceded much in order to win over differences; yet those who differ cannot help feeling that his lordship has not gone far in their direction; and they know that if he did not say hard things of their opinions, it was not for want of the impulse to cross swords with them *à l'outrance*. The noble Viscount is on the winning side in almost every encounter of this sort, for the majority is with him; but if he were one of a strong and struggling minority he would be a very tough opponent for the majority to cope with, and would in all probability deal some very hard knocks. He is a clever debater, quick to catch the meaning and tendency of a discussion, sensitive under criticism, and seems to wonder occasionally how some of the gentlemen around him can possibly entertain the queer opinions affecting education which they advocate.

On a lower bench upon the same side of the house the visitor may almost invariably see Mr. Lucraft, the working men's member for Finsbury. This is a noteworthy man. It is one of the whimsicalities of the representative system that two such men as Viscount Sandon and Mr. Lucraft should find seats on the same Board. There is so little in common between them that each must form a curious and never-ending study for the other. That these men should both be eagerly desirous of seeing the children of England educated is a splendid testimony to the growing universality of the conviction of the necessity of education. The member for Finsbury is one of the hierophants of the new order of society to be organised in the future. The past, reaching down to the present, with its ecclesiasticism, its orders of aristocracy and privilege, its bulwarks of the Constitution, its splendid system of maintaining the hard and fast line, with the smallest possible amount of change, does not touch his reverence. To him Teetotalism is a matter of greater importance than the registration of titles or the inviolability of proprietary rights. He has lived not merely among the working classes, but among the chief propagandists of the order, and he knows all the hopes and anticipations—not so much of the common artisan and labourer, as of those who have, during the last thirty or forty years, met in chapels and temperance halls, and assembled on and around waggons, discussing political and social science from new points of view. As a member of the Board he is no doubt valuable. Though standing often almost alone, he teaches the Board something and he learns something. And there are signs that he and the Board understand each other better than they did at first. The gulf is not so wide between them. But we must hurry on. Here, upon a seat not much lower down, was, until a fortnight ago, always to be seen, Professor Huxley. Having done very laborious work on committees, and got his reports into shape, he departed recently for Edinburgh, where he occupied, as he deserved, almost, if not entirely, the highest place of honour among the learned men of Europe. Professor Huxley is beyond question one of the most extraordinary men of his time, and he holds a strong position on the School Board. It might have been imagined that he would stand almost alone, but that was not possible. For though his opinions on some highly important abstract questions are widely different from those of nearly every member of the Board, he is not in character an eccentric man. He is politic, reasonable, knows what is due to the opinions of others, and understands the conditions under which a man may render himself useful in working with a body of men among whom he is, numerically, only a unit. It is not too much to say that his speeches have been the ablest and the most eloquent that have been delivered at the London School Board, and it is impossible to deny the influence they have exercised, not merely in that room, but upon other School Boards throughout the country, and upon public opinion abroad. We cannot dwell long enough to make elaborate word-portraits of these gentlemen, for we intend to bring our visit to an end in this article, consequent upon the departure of the members on their holiday. Another prominent figure, though not a frequent speaker, is Mr. Samuel Morley, M.P., whom all the world knows. He is the member of Parliament for Bristol, and is a living protest against the conventional notion that Dissent is less respectable than the Church. Mr. Morley is the captain of the aristocracy of Dissent, and though he would not be guilty of so undignified an act as to enter the lists of controversy to prove that there should be no social distinction between the followers of the Establishment and those who remain outside, he just takes that position that no man would assume to treat him with the less outward show of respect by reason of his Dissent, and not many would like to thrust questions of ecclesiastical precedence under his attention. To watch this gentleman for awhile is to arrive at some sort of better understanding of the position occupied by what are called "political Dissenters." They are fighting on a notion of caste, and this man is their natural leader. On the School Board his mission is much what it is outside. That the Church shall gain no new vantage, and retain as little as possible of the old, is one of his chief objects, but all he does is effected in the blandest possible manner; and, firm as he is on his strong points, he is almost patrician in style and method. Happily we may say of him with confidence, as we may say of every man whose name we have brought forward thus prominently, that he is truly and honourably devoted to the cause of the progress of education for its own sake.

We might go on to speak of Mr. Hepworth Dixon, the man of letters, representing, so to speak, the interest of literature on the Board, and seeking always to reconcile practical work with bright theories; of the Rev. Canon Cromwell, fighting the battle of the Church; of the Rev. Benjamin Waugh, the advocate of a pure, dreamy, and yet distinctly practical philanthropy; of Mr. Chatfeild Clarke, who entertains the Board with paradoxes, and likes to be in a minority of one; of Mr. Freeman, who speaks on all subjects, sometimes affording assistance; of Mr. MacGregor, the hero of the "*Rob Roy* Canoe," whose views of the work to be accomplished in the schools, and how to do it, are not done full justice to in his own speeches; and of many others not less worthy of mention than those we have named; but we have been garrulous enough on this theme, and will not, for the present at least, transcribe anything more from our London Note Book respecting the School Board.

COUNTRY LIFE.

SLOW RETURNS.

RUNNING away from London, hoping, most likely in vain, to escape from the insufferable August heat which has followed so strangely upon the rainy season, what curious reflections come upon us as to the conditions under which people live in the country. Here is a small town. We will not mention its name, but it is the ancient capital of a county. We have to pass through it, and we pass through slowly and watch the people and the business. There really appears to be nothing going on. Not only is there nobody in the streets; not only are the shops all empty of customers; but the exceptional person one meets now and then is so dilatory that his chief object appears to be to kill time; and the shopkeeper, if you can manage to induce him, on the pretence that you wish to purchase a photograph of the neighbouring ruin, to leave his private back parlour, seems to regard you, to some extent, in the light of an intruder. It is the chance dropping in of a customer, and not the absence of custom, that seems to surprise him and put him out of his way. Are these small country towns self-supporting? Or do they live upon their neighbours? That is a fine, handsome-looking shop of which we spoke just now. How does the proprietor live? On what income does he support his family? We suppose the gentleman whose name appears over the door must be one of the leading middle-class men of the place. No doubt he is a member of the Town Council. Perhaps he is an alderman, or the mayor. One would like to know whether his income from his business is six or eight hundred a year, or four hundred or two hundred? And where does it come from? It would be a pity to disturb the comfortable life of these townspeople, of whatever degree; but we have an uneasy impression that the tradesmen, at least, subsist on large profits and slow returns. When we inquire of the intelligent inhabitant respecting these mysteries, he says "You should come and see us on market-day." If in any coming August we should travel through that quiet town, where the sun shines nearly all day long on both sides of the street, we will contrive to see life there on market-day, and report accordingly; but at present we do not quite understand it.

THE BI-LINGUAL DIFFICULTY.

We have several times in this column called attention to the interesting subject of the existence of the old Welsh language, and the social and political phenomena attaching thereto. It happened some two or three years ago that a Welsh bishop died, and then the subject began to be discussed, or the discussion began to be renewed, of the importance to the Church of England in Wales of the appointment of Welsh-speaking ministers and bishops. The result of the agitation was the election of a prelate who was acquainted with the Welsh language; for the days have gone by when topics like these can be discussed without producing an effect upon the imperial powers; and, moreover, the Irish Church Question was then in hot debate, and it therefore seemed to be a matter of special moment that regard should be paid to the feelings and wants of the Welsh Church, which was not intended to be disestablished.

Within the last few days an important meeting has been held in the diocese of St. Asaph, on what is called "the Bi-lingual Difficulty." The Bishop of St. Asaph (who speaks Welsh) was in the chair, and the meeting was a most influential one. The Bishop directed attention to the following facts:—

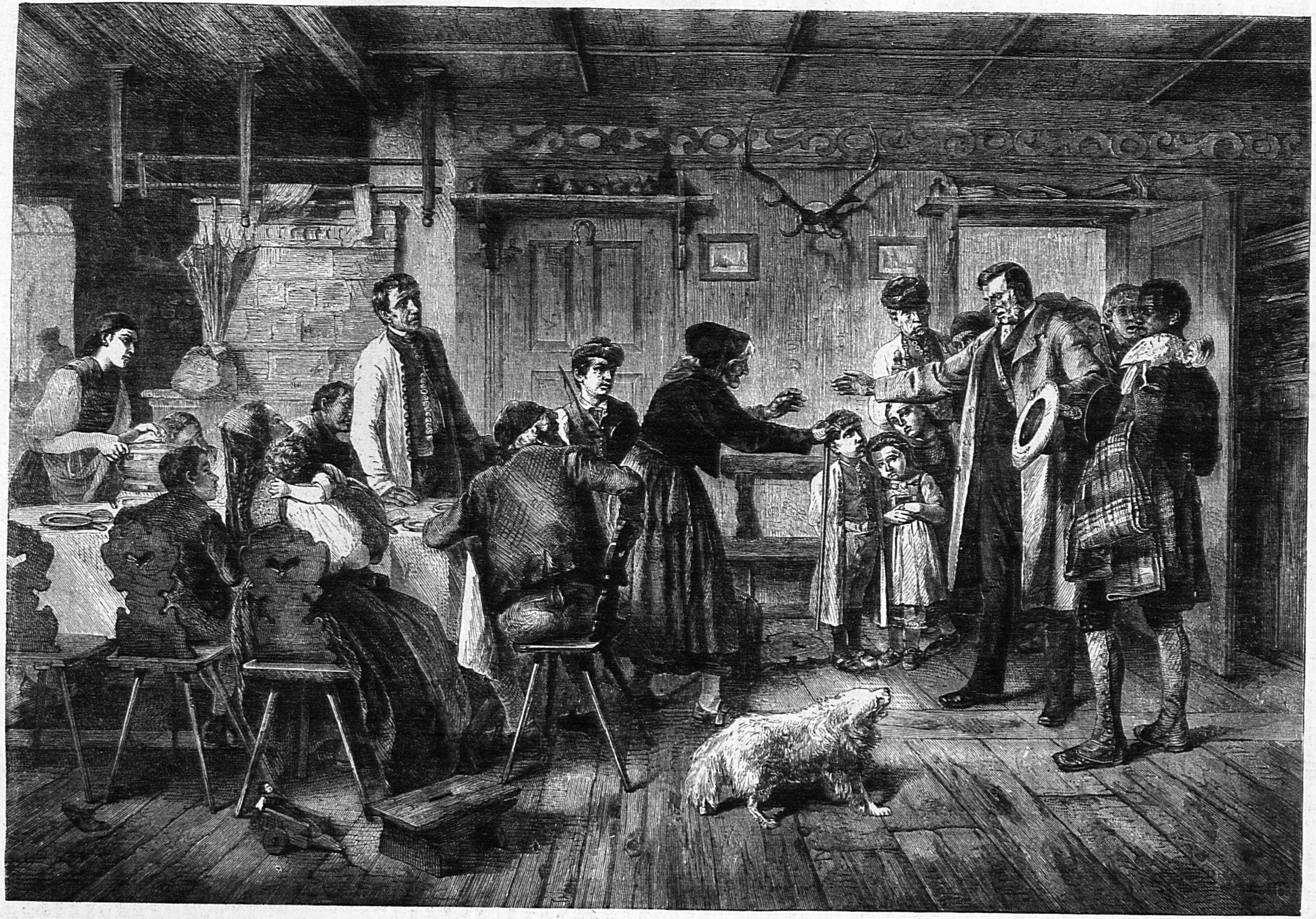
> In the diocese there were 200 benefices. Out of these forty-eight were what they might call English, forty-two exclusively Welsh, and one hundred bi-lingual. The remainder he was not quite prepared to put down as either one or the other. He had found there were in the bi-lingual parishes not less that thirty-three churches in which there was but one service on the Sunday in the language understood by the people, and he found also that in those parishes the number of Welsh Dissenting chapels amounted to not less than eighty, which was a very large number indeed. He had found, likewise, that among the churches in the English parishes there were none in which there were any Welsh services, but there were in those parishes not less than fifteen Welsh chapels; so that with the Church thus circumstanced in the bi-lingual parishes, the Welsh inhabitants had no alternative but to remain content with one service in their own language on the Sunday, and stay at home for the remainder of the Sabbath, or go to some other place of worship than the Established Church. The Welsh people were a religious people, and they would not be satisfied with one service on the Sabbath.

The right reverend Bishop did not propose the stamping out of the native language. He is too wise a man. He deplored the fact that, in the interests of the Church of England, the existence of a native tongue had not been utilised:—

> There was a time when the native language existed from one end of the country to the other, and it might have been made a channel for securing the affections of the people to the Church; but the opportunity was neglected; and the consequence was the inhabitants of that country were alienated from the Church of their forefathers; they became hostile; and all knew what was the result.

The result of the meeting and the discussion was the formation of a society, to be designated "The St. Asaph Additional Curates and Pastoral Aid Society," the objects of which shall be:—1st, to assist local efforts in supporting additional curates and lay assistants, for the purpose of providing extra English and Welsh services where required. 2nd, to afford assistance to young men of piety and ability, but of limited means, to prepare themselves for holy orders. The meaning of which is, that young men speaking Welsh shall be encouraged to enter the Church to the end that they may be engaged as curates to perform Church services in the Welsh language. Many other resolutions were adopted to complete the scheme, and the result is an organisation, with funds, and a well-matured plan for the introduction of Welsh Church services in those portions of the Principality where the native tongue is the favourite language of the people.

Had this been done earlier, the Church would not have lost so mnch ground yielded to the Dissenters; and had the same principle been adopted in Ireland two or three centuries ago the British Government would not have had to struggle as they have to-day against the adverse influences of the Papal Church in the sister island.



THE RETURN. From a Picture by Friedrich Hiddemann.

"PUSSY-CAT MEW!"

"PUSSY-CAT mew jumped over a coal, and in her best petticoat burnt a great hole; Pussy-cat mew shan't have any milk till her best petticoat's mended with silk." This is the story the pretty, tidy housemaid is telling to Kitty, but Kitty is not a patient listener, being confused in the mystery of the looking-glass, and not seeming to mind a brass farthing whether Pussy-cat mew got her best petticoat mended with silk, or whether the hole was never mended, and Kitty's celebrated ancestor went without milk for the rest of her days. The artist, T. Walter, has done well. He has made a graceful double picture, one being a key to the other. Bessie, or whatever other pretty name you may give to the pretty housemaid, is just in the act of rebuking Kitty for gross inattention, and Kitty is meditating a ferocious and deadly attack upon that mimicking little puss before her. The expression in Kitty's face is natural and funny, and the whole picture very tenderly treated.

A DUTCH LOVER.

THE following story was told to the writer as a fact:—A young gentleman in Amsterdam had been, a year or two ago, paying his addresses, without success, to a young lady. The father of the maiden was altogether obdurate, and could not be induced to favour the suit; but the swain had observed certain symptoms which led him to believe that his attentions were not wholly unacceptable to the lady. When the festival of St. Nicholas (December 5th) approached, some waggish friends proposed a plan of offering his hand and heart, the drollery of which might possibly soften the unwilling father and assure the lady of his devotion.

On the eve of St. Nicholas, a long and rather narrow box, with some holes in the lid, was conveyed to the house of Mynheer ———, addressed to Jufvrouw, with the swain's compliments, in addition to which, without the latter's knowledge, the facetious friends had painted, in large letters, "Een Dikke Vrijer"—a fat lover. The box arrived at the usual five o'clock dinner hour; and the daughter, seeing the box in the hall, and reading the address, wished at once to open it. But her father, who perhaps smelt a rat, and knew better than his daughter the possible humours of the day, said: "No; let us have dinner first, and meanwhile have the box brought into the dining-room." With some trouble the box was removed there by the maids. Dinner dragged its slow length along, was artfully protracted, and the opening of the box kept in abeyance until it was almost time to go to bed. Then the hammer was missing—the screw-driver could not be found—and, at last, the opening of the wonderful box put off until next morning. "Goede nacht, slaap goed," was soon said, and all departed, save Mynheer ——, the father. With bed-candle in hand, he went to the box, listened carefully for a moment or two, and then, giving the box a slight kick, proceeded to moralise aloud: "What a fool that little donkey of a fellow is, to suppose that I will ever let him have my daughter! I wonder what he has sent her? What can these little holes be for? Ah! here is one of my daughter's knitting-needles; let us poke one in, and see if we can make out."

"For God's sake, don't!" said a stifled voice from the box, "or you will poke my eye out."

"Bless me! who's this? What can it be?"

"I am Mynheer F——," said the voice. "For heaven's sake let me out—I can't stand it much longer."

"Will you promise never to speak to my daughter again, if I do?"

"No, I won't—I'll die first!"

"Very well, then; good-night."

"Don't be so inhuman; I shall be dead in another hour."

"Will you promise?"

"No," said the voice in the box, more faintly, "never!"

"Well, you are a brave little soul; I'll let you out."

The sly father took out screw-driver and hammer from his own pocket, where they had been lost, and let out the poor lover's very cramped, but plump and comely person.

"Now I am a free man," said the latter, in a somewhat weak voice (and no wonder), "I give my free promise, as you have saved my life, not to speak to your daughter again without your permission."

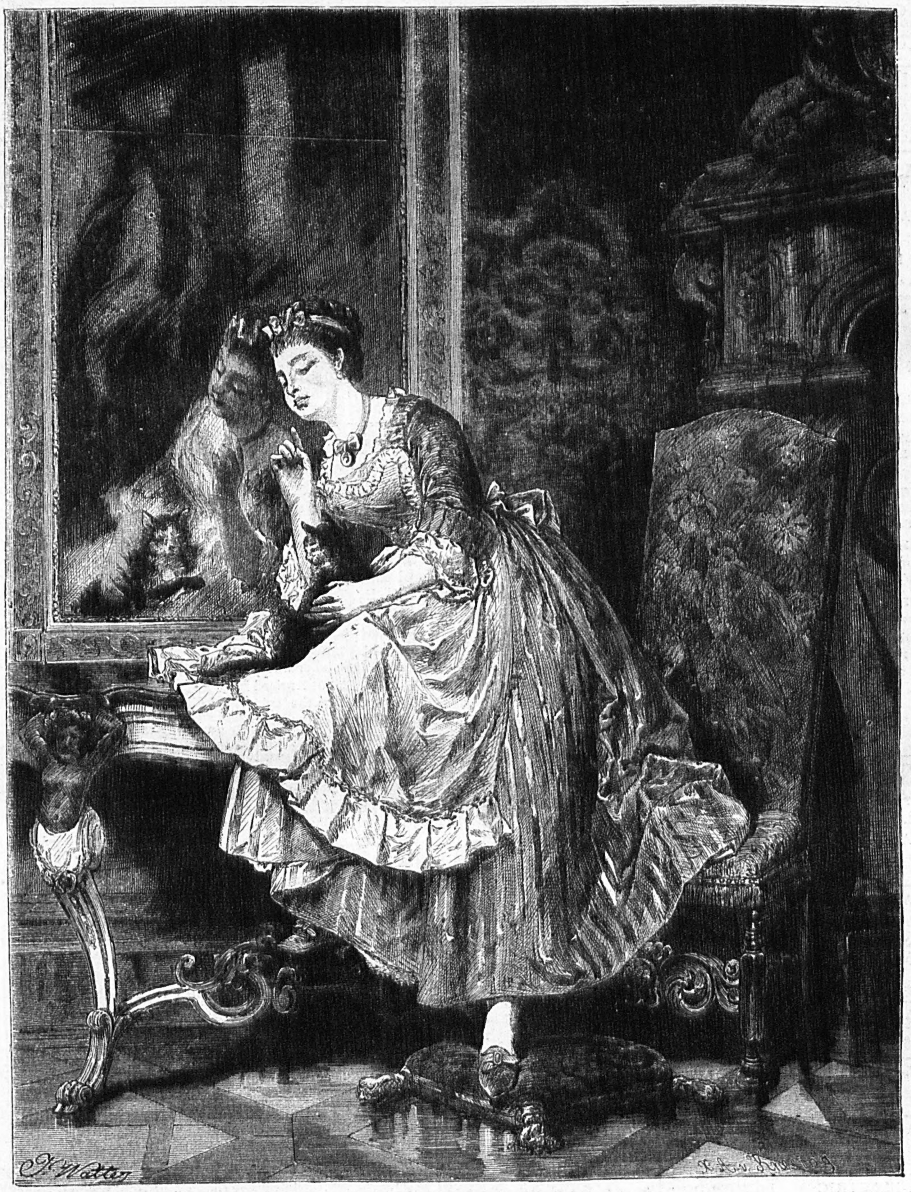
"Well," rejoined the father, kicking the box, "if you have not done for her more than most sweethearts would, you have certainly got into less."

Small wit on the one side, and diplomatic gratitude on the other, made them so well pleased that they shook hands, and parted such good friends that F. soon after overcame Mynheer ——'s repugnance to the match, and, before the next St. Nicholas, won the lady, too.

A SWISS ROMANCE.

A LETTER from Vaud states that a young German lieutenant, wounded in the late war between France and Germany, was sent to a quiet village in that canton, early in the month of October last, to recruit his strength. There he made the acquaintance of a young lady whose parents resided in the same village, and the couple became engaged. Owing to the mildness of the climate, and the interesting circumstances under which he found himself placed, the hero soon regained his health, and before very long an order arrived from head-quarters desiring him to report himself within a week at Berlin, where the depôt of his regiment was then stationed. The grief of the lovers, when the time came to part, may be imagined, but with many vows of constancy the lieutenant at last tore himself away, and, in due time, arrived at Berlin. At first, his letters were filled with protestations of the enduring nature of his love, but gradually, as time wore on, they became less frequent and much colder in tone. Six weeks had elapsed since he had last written, when, instead of a letter full of reproaches, the lieutenant received a telegram from his "dear Marie" in the following words:—"Dear Fritz,—I have just received a letter, informing me that my uncle, who was a millionaire at Frankbar in the East Indies, is dead, and that I am his sole heiress." The lieutenant lost no time. He set out for the village. The young lady was overwhelmed with joy on seeing her lover once more, but reproached him for his long silence. "Don't let us talk of it, dear Marie," he replied. "There is now no obstacle to our union. The unexpected good fortune which Providence has sent us has removed the objections of my parents to our marriage; for a fortune so great, so colossal——" At these words Marie looked at him with a puzzled and somewhat pained expression, and, taking his hand, said, "Fritz, do not make fun of me."

The lover drew out of his pocket the telegram he had received, asking her whether she had not written the words, "My uncle has just died a millionaire at Frankbar." Utterly astounded, Marie dropped his hand, and when she recovered the use of her tongue, said sadly, her eyes filled with tears, "Dear Fritz, there is a mistake in the telegram. What I wrote was, 'My uncle has just died a *missionaire* in the East Indies,' and the amount he has left me is just 196fr. 45c." The lieutenant returned to Berlin, a sadder and a wiser man.



" PUSSY-CAT MEW!"

A FEROCIOUS ELEPHANT.—On the 27th of January a mad elephant from the Rewab territory entered the Mandla district at the village of Tarraj. The villagers at once took refuge on the roofs of their houses, but a woman and child attempting to escape by running attracted the brute's attention, and were pursued and killed. On the next night it went to the village of Mungah, where it killed a boy. Two days after it appeared at Barbaspur, where it killed a woman, and on the following night at Kamria, where it killed a man and a woman. It then made its way to Dongria, whence all the villagers tried to escape on its approach, but two old women were overtaken by the elephant and killed, while another was trampled on and seriously injured. From there it went to Manori and killed a woman and two children, and passing on to Karbeli killed a baby, snatching it from its mother's bosom, and on the same evening and in the same place it killed a man. On the next night it killed an old woman at Nighori, and on the next another at Banu. On the 7th of February it passed the Ramgurh Tahsil, where it was fired upon and driven off towards Bijori, where it revenged itself by killing a man and a boy. On the next night it surprised in the jungle a party of villagers who had escaped from Nanda, and killed another infant which it snatched from its mother. On the following day it killed two more men, one at Belgaon, the other at Belgara. It next visited Salaya, whence all the villagers escaped, except one boy who was rolled about and apparently played with by the elephant, which left him without killing him, and then went into the village and avenged itself by pulling down houses. On the 15th the brute was reported at Mohari, where it wounded a man and woman by rolling them about and inflicting various injuries, but did not kill them. On the 19th it was at Naraingunge, where it killed one man and wounded another. A party now pursued the brute across the Nerbudda and drove it into the jungle, whence it was found impossible to dislodge it. It is said to be a magnificent beast, with tusks nearly three feet long. The total of its victims between January 27 and February 19 was twenty-one persons killed, besides several wounded. The most horrible (and almost incredible) circumstance, however, is, that this elephant was seen to devour at least five of its victims, after tearing them limb from limb. In 1868 and also 1869 a *musth* elephant, possibly, it is said, this very brute, appeared in the Mandla district, but did little or no mischief.—*Pioneer.*

O CONSELHEIRO NABUCO.—O Conselheiro José Thomaz Nabuco de Aranjo, whose portrait will be found on our front page, is a renowned statesman and orator of the Brazilian House of Assemblies. He has filled many important offices under Government, and is now in the Ministry. He has won the high esteem of his fellow countrymen, and is admired not only as a politician but as an author.

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THE Illustrated NEWSPAPER

LONDON, AUGUST 19, 1871.

THE one-hundredth anniversary of the birth of SCOTT has come and gone. By this we know, rather than by any effect of the passage of time upon his name and fame, that he was a man of another generation than ours. Is it, indeed, so long since he was born; and is the time, indeed, so short—comprised almost within the years of half a century—in which the English novel has taken its place in the front rank of the world's literature? The author of "Waverley" is the father of the modern Anglo-Saxon romance. There was no recognised place for this order of fiction till then. The storyteller was a "Bohemian" in the literary profession. SCOTT raised his art as a romancist to the level of that of the epic poet. There were a few fine novels before his day, but they were stragglers in the world of books. "Don Quixote" and "Tom Jones" and "Gil Blas"—giant heroes—seemed to wander alone, strange figures in the scantily-peopled regions of prose fiction. When we look into the libraries of to-day, and reckon up what has been done for the vast army of readers, and consider how much of it existed when Sir WALTER began to write, it is hard to give credit to our impression of the importance of these hundred years; and all the while we know, as clearly as anything of this kind can be known, that the man whose name we are commemorating this week was the first systematic tiller of the soil that has borne so rich and ripe a harvest. The celebration is most timely. We have arrived at a season when the supply of new books almost exceeds the demand, and a habit is growing up to read only that which comes hot from the press. So when we look round us we find a young generation growing up who know not the Wizard of the North. Let them take note of what their fathers and their grandfathers are doing this week. Let them observe, in the fire of enthusiasm that lights up elderly eyes, the flame of imagination that was set alight half a century ago by the great romancist, and has burnt steadily ever since, while other memories have died out. Bright stars have risen in the literary firmament in more recent years, and some of the most brilliant have sunk again below the horizon; but even the young, the readers for whom only the men of their own day write, must recognise the debt they owe to WALTER SCOTT, and pay their tribute by resolving to know what manner of work it was that so moved the men and women of a generation no longer young. It is impossible to deny that our light literature is running into faults which may well be corrected by a few lessons from an old master. We may be glad to think that the celebration of the centenary of the birth of Sir WALTER SCOTT will open the eyes of the young, both of the reading and the writing orders, to the wisdom of laying aside for a time the volume of the hour, in order to spend a brief season in the rich library of fiction and song left as a legacy to the nation by the author of the "Lady of the Lake" and "Ivanhoe."

IT has been said that the gentlemen on the American side in the High Joint Commission upon the *Alabama* claims were one too many for those sent out on the part of Great Britain by Her Majesty's Government. Keen and hard-hitting critics tell us that we have been out-bargained in the affair, and that our position is one little short of national humiliation. The *Saturday Review* is especially bitter on the subject, and makes very much of the rather unpleasant fact that the American Commissioners absolutely refused to submit to the arbitrators the question of the Fenian raid upon Canada, and that we pusillanimously yielded the point, though the Fenian raiders openly paraded their forces and their plans in the chief cities of the States. But while the critics are belabouring the Treaty they are overlooking the most important point of all, and that is the probable fate of the *Alabama* claims under the conditions of the arbitration. As the press is not in the habit of discussing the merits of a case still pending in the law courts, so it may be regarded as a matter of etiquette that the question that is to be submitted to the arbitrators should not in the interim be canvassed; but before we condemn the Treaty we ought to be convinced, at least in our own minds, that it will tell against us in the award. Those who are best acquainted with the merits of our case appear to be full of confidence on this subject. Nobody knows all the strength and all the weakness of our position with respect to the escape of the *Alabama* better than does Sir R. PALMER, and he appears to be perfectly satisfied with the terms of the Treaty. He is one of those who believe that we owe no compensation to the United States in the matter, and he evidently does not consider that we shall be drawn within the line of liability by reason of the retrospective rule laid down in the Treaty. But what will our cousins say if they get no compensation after all? They are, no doubt, pleased to know that the work of the High Joint Commissioners is grumbled at in England, for it is a compliment to their sagacity; but the sweets will turn bitter indeed in their mouths if the arbitration goes against them. And in our humble opinion there is no compensation for the escape of the *Alabama* to be got out of the provisions of this Treaty if our case be well handled. That it will be made the best of we have excellent reason to believe, seeing that Sir ALEXANDER COCKBURN is to be our arbitrator, while the LORD CHANCELLOR and Lord TENTERDEN are to draw up the case, and Sir ROUNDELL PALMER is to represent Great Britain in the character of counsel. We do not think our cousins will discover the blind side of this batch of English lawyers and jurists.

THE muzzle question is again before the Town Councils and Local Boards of Health. The *Rochdale Observer* contains a column of speeches on the subject, delivered by worthy aldermen and others on one of the warmest of the recent hot days. It is as well we should make known, in the existing uncertainty on the question whether or not dogs should be muzzled, that the Rochdale Town Council, after what must have been an exhausting if not exhaustive debate, did not see their way clear to unmuzzle the dogs, though Mr. Councillor BARON said:—

> There was an eminent medical man in this town who did not believe that a case of hydrophobia had ever occurred or ever would occur as the result of the bite of a dog. If he were a dog and they muzzled him he thought he should go mad, and many members of that council would do the same under similar circumstances. What the Council intended to prevent they had by their own act assisted to bring about. His sons had dogs and he had seen nothing dangerous about them. He was not fearful of any harmful results, and he did not think the committee should have arrived at the conclusion they did where there was so much difference of opinion.

Much was urged in behalf of the poor animals, and suggestions were made that instead of muzzles there should be troughs of water in the street, to enable the creatures to quench their thirst; but inasmuch as a muzzled dog cannot bite and an unmuzzled dog can, in the interest of the human species the order of the Watch Committee was allowed to remain in force. We confess we think that if the Rochdale Corporation have erred it is on the safe side.

THE FIGHT AT BANGALORE.

THE Indian papers received on Saturday contain the particulars of the serious affray at Bangalore mentioned in a recent Indian telegram, in which two young officers were dangerously wounded. The *Bangalore Spectator* of the 4th of July says:—Great commotion and alarm were occasioned in the cantonment on Saturday night (1st inst.) by the report of a fearful disturbance which took place at the house of Mr. Edwin VanIngen on the Laul Baugh road. Mr. VanIngen is the manager of the Judicial Commissioner's office, and a much respected resident of Bangalore. Some days back, it would appear, a serious misunderstanding arose between some of the junior members of Mr. VanIngen's family and Ensign Lambart, of the 21st Fusiliers, who had for some time been on visiting terms with the family; which misunderstanding resulted in an assault upon Mr. Lambart. On Saturday night Ensigns Lambart and Frere, accompanied by some persons unknown, went to the premises of Mr. VanIngen between the hours of seven and eight. Their presence was first discovered by a lady member of the family, who, seeing Ensign Lambart standing under the portico, went and informed her father, who instantly came out and met

Mr. Lambart. The latter then in an excited manner stated that he had come to avenge himself on Mr. VanIngen's eldest son, Mr. Edwin Charles. Mr. VanIngen remonstrated with him on the folly of his intention, and urged him to leave the premises. By this time two of Mr. VanIngen's younger sons came up, when Mr. Lambart shouted "Troop." Hereupon Mr. Lambart's companions (said in another paper to be two sergeants of the 16th Lancers) rushed up to the house, and a hand-to-hand scuffle took place, in the course of which firearms were used and shots exchanged, resulting on the one side in serious injury to Messrs. Lambart and Frere, and on the other in a shot wound and severe blow with a cudgel to Mr. George VanIngen. When affairs thus culminated, the "troop" rapidly disappeared, leaving their leaders *hors de combat*. Mr. Lambart fortunately escaped with a slug shot wound in the thigh; but we regret to say that his comrade fared much worse, being severely, and, it is feared, mortally wounded in the left side of the abdomen. The wounded officers had just sufficient strength left to limp to the adjoining residence of Major Beresford, where medical aid was speedily obtained, and every care and solicitude shown them. One of the gentlemen's companions is supposed to have received a shot wound in the neck and to have made his way home quietly; but both the wounded officers in their declarations before the magistrate declined to state who their companions were. By this time, intelligence of the affair had reached the police, and Inspector Noris with his constables went to the house and arrested Mr. VanIngen, senior, and his three sons, who were immediately taken to the neighbouring police station, and there detained for the night. Meanwhile Mr. Christian, superintendent of police, Major Campbell, superintendent of the division, Captain Gompertz, canton magistrate, and other officials arrived at Major Beresford's house, where the wounded officers were being attended to by Drs. Guard and Barclay. They were apprehensive that Mr. Frere would not live through the night; his declaration was therefore taken in the presence of all the accused; and the following morning Mr. Lambart was removed to his quarters and his deposition was there given, in the course of which the deponent stated that he went to Mr. VanIngen's house for the purpose of taking revenge on Mr. Edwin Charles VanIngen, and that he went armed with a revolver, but that he did not cap it. Yesterday forenoon, subsequent to the taking of Mr. Lambart's deposition, Mr. VanIngen, senior, and Mr. George VanIngen were admitted to bail in two sureties of 500 rupees each, while the other two, Messrs. Edwin Charles and Gerald VanIngen, are still detained in custody.

A later account says that Mr. Frere still continues in a dangerous state. The doctor fears peritonitis. Mr. Lambart is, it is feared, lamed for life.

POPULATION AND REPRESENTATION.

Referring to the inequalities of Parliamentary representation, as revealed by the new census, the *Daily News* says:—By the Reform Bill of 1867, thirty-eight boroughs, having each less than 10,000 inhabitants in 1861, lost a member each. There are at the present time fifty-five boroughs, each with less than 10,000 inhabitants, which return one member each; and of those fifty-five, two—Evesham and Northallerton—have fewer than 5,000 inhabitants. The aggregate population of these fifty-five boroughs has somewhat increased. It amounted in 1861 to 371,991, it amounts to 388,269 in 1871. This increase is, of course, not spread over all the boroughs, nor is it altogether due to the natural increase of the population. Fifteen of the boroughs have actually decreased, and one has stood exactly still. The borough which enjoys this last peculiar distinction is Cockermouth. This borough had 7,057 inhabitants in 1861, and it stands for precisely the same number in 1871. The borough of Malmesbury, which is itself a large agricultural district, and lies embedded in the great tract of country which bears the name of the borough of Cricklade, is the first in the list of decrease. Its rural inhabitants have diminished by but one in the ten years. They were 6,881 in 1861; they are 6,880 in 1871. The most considerable decrease has taken place in the Duke of Bedford's borough of Tavistock, which had 8,857 inhabitants in 1861, and has but 7,720 in 1871. The borough of Liskeard has retrograded only from 6,585 to 6,575; while the town of Buckingham has lost 81, Bridport 53, and Radnor 65. The other nine boroughs have undergone diminution varying in amount from 100 in the case of Westbury, to the 469 in that of Tewkesbury. The Duke of Marlborough's borough of Woodstock has gone down from 7,827 to 7,447; Knaresborough, which till the last Reform Bill had two members, has diminished by 197, and has now only 5,205 inhabitants; Wareham has lost 162; Sir Edward Kerrison's borough of Eye has diminished by 317; Chippenham, which had very much increased before 1861, has since diminished by 195; Bridgenorth has gone down 396; and the little England beyond Wales which is included in the Haverfordwest district of boroughs has lost 355 inhabitants. Some other boroughs have only been able to record an increase by virtue of the extensions of area they underwent in 1868. The borough of Stamford has actually diminished in population by 201; but its extension of area, as recommended by the Boundary Commission, has enabled it to stand in the census for an increase of 39. Chichester is in the same position. It was extended by the Boundary Act so as to include the suburb of Wickham, which then contained 222 houses and an estimated population of 1,100. The added district seems to have contained more people than the Boundary Commissioners estimated, for while the borough proper—the borough as represented in the last Parliament—has decreased by 209, the extended borough stands for an increase of 1,020. The boroughs which have actually diminished contain a population of 104,815, and send fifteen members to the House of Commons. The forty boroughs which divide between them the few thousands of increased population divide that increase very unequally. The most considerable increase is in the borough of Droitwich, which has risen from 7,086 to 9,510. But this increase is not by growth, it is by aggregation. Droitwich is a small borough, with ten large rural parishes and parts of four other parishes added on to it, and the Boundary Commissioners recommended the addition of two more parishes, one of which lies within a mile or so of Broomsgrove, and the other lies some four or five miles to the south-east of Droitwich town. The Boundary Commissioners reported that the town was not increasing, and its increase of some 2,000 is probably almost entirely due to the inclusion of the parishes of Stoke Prior and Hanbury within its spreading area of 30,000 acres. Seven other boroughs have undergone similar extensions; and of those which have not been extended, only the two boroughs of Horsham and Harwich have added a thousand to the number of their inhabitants in the ten years. But now if we put against these fifty-five boroughs, with their fifty-five members, ten of the largest boroughs in the kingdom, we shall find that with ten times the population, they have less than half the representation. Taking the metropolitan boroughs of Marylebone, Finsbury, Tower Hamlets, Lambeth, and Hackney, with the great provincial towns of Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, and Sheffield, we have a population of 3,774,011—rather more than ten times that of the fifty-five single boroughs. Yet these ten large boroughs have but twenty-four members, against the fifty-five of their tiny competitors. Even these twenty-four members are not all returned, as the fifty-five are, by simple majorities. In the great populations of Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, and Leeds, the enfranchisement of the minority has, in three out of the four cases, practically reduced the representation of the majority to a single member. But quite apart from this question, it is still the fact that, taking the average of fifty-five little boroughs, and of the ten largest boroughs in England, every voter in a little borough is equal, under the existing constitution, to some five-and-twenty voters in a large borough. Here are three millions and three quarters of people with twenty-four representatives in the House of Commons, and one-third of a million with fifty-five representatives. This enormous and most unjust disproportion is perpetually increasing. During the last ten years these boroughs have actually added to their population 462,548 persons; over 90,000 more persons than the whole population of the fifty-five boroughs which send fifty-five representatives to Parliament. Is it in any way possible that this inequality should continue?

THE NIGHT BEFORE.

I sneered when I heard the old priest complain
That the doomed seemed voiceless and dull of brain;
For why should the felon be other than dumb
As he stands at the gate of the world to come?
Let them lock up his reverence here in the cell,
Waiting the sound of the morning bell
That heralds his dying and tolls his knell,
And the tick-tock
Of the great gaol clock
Will attract him more than the holiest prayer
That ever was mingled with dungeon air.

Will it never be morning—never arise
The great red sun in the cold grey skies,
Thrusting its rays in my iron-barred cell,
And lighting the city I know so well?
Is this horrible night for ever to be—
The phantom I feel, though I cannot see—
Is that to be ever alone with me?
Will the tick-tock
Of the ceaseless clock
Beat for ever through brain and heart
Till the tortured soul from the body part?

And now in the darkness surrounding me
A hundred figures I plainly see;
And there are my mother's pitying eyes—
Why does *she* from her grave arise?
And there, on the crowd's extremest rim—
Gashed of throat, and supple of limb—
Why, what do I want to-day with *him?*
To the tick-tock
Of the pitiless clock
His body is swaying, slowly and free,
While his shadowy finger points at me.

Will it never be here—the dawn of the day,
When the law is to carry my life away;
And the gaping crowd, with their pitiless eyes,
Stand eager to see how the doomed one dies?
Nothing to scatter the terrible gloom
That fills up the arched and the grated room;
Nothing to herald the hour of doom
But the tick-tock
Of the weariless clock,
And the tread of the tired policeman's feet
As he steadily paces the echoing street?

At last the deep darkness is melting away
At the corpse-like light, on the face of the day;
I hear the prisoners move in their cells,
I hear the chiming of morning bells,
The rattle of carts in the streets once more,
The careful tread on the stony floor
Of the sheriff, who comes to the grated door,
And the tick-tock
Of the great gaol clock,
And the whispered words of the keepers around,
And every whisper a thunder-sound.

What mocking is this in the formal demand,
In the mighty name of the law of the land,
For the body of him who is doomed to die
In the face of men, and beneath the sky?
I am safe in your thrall, but pinion me well;
I might be desperate—who can tell?—
As I march to the sound of the clanging bell,
The tick-tock
Of the great gaol clock,
And the voice of the priest as he mumbles a prayer,
And the voices that murmur around me there.

SINGULAR SCENE AT GENEVA.

The Geneva correspondent of the *Indépendance Belge*, writing on the 11th inst., says:—"I had scarcely put my yesterday's letter into the post when an unusual uproar led me to the bridge of Mont Blanc; a basket-carriage was advancing with difficulty through a noisy crowd. As I approached I heard nothing but the one word 'Badinguet,' 'Badinguet.' 'What's the matter?' I asked. ''Tis he,' the people shouted on every side; 'it can't be any one else. He has come from England; he is going to settle at Geneva. No one else wears such a moustache, the ends pointing downwards as in his last London portrait. What's he doing here? What does he want with us? Down with Badinguet.' And the crowd shouted again. It is certain that this unfortunate traveller, thus followed, insulted in the streets, ill-treated by popular anger (potatoes and even stones were thrown at him, and one woman, having nothing else handy, flung her basket at him), it is certain that he was not the person supposed; the grey moustache, the dull eyes, the aspect of fatigue and heaviness, characteristic of so many old military men, ought not to have been enough to exasperate the people. But who can make the multitude listen to reason? The stranger said nothing, did not defend himself, asked no one for assistance. 'It's one proof the more that he's the man,' said the furious crowd. He alighted at a small commercial travellers' inn, which on one side looks towards the lake, and on the other towards a doubtful house—a very modest habitation for such a great personage. But this objection did not check our enraged logicians. 'He's hiding himself, the coward,' they cried. 'But if he's hiding himself, why does he go out in an open carriage?' 'Why, to defy us, the insolent scoundrel.' 'But, if he were defying you he would not hide himself.' 'Hold your tongue; he's given you a tip, that quite plain.' I was obliged to be silent, under pain of being knocked down. The stranger was at last able to get back to his hotel, but he was not more tranquil there; the crowd gathered about the two entrances; at ten o'clock at night it was there still, as noisy as ever. Hisses, howls, wild imprecations arose; the man was called by name; he was asked to show himself at the window; a tall fellow in white (probably a glazier) was for breaking the windows; others proposed to storm the hotel. 'Chuck him into the water,' said a clear fresh voice; I looked round; the speaker was a young and rather pretty woman. The girls belonging to the adjoining house had come down, and shouted like the rest. And the comments! It was he, there was not the slightest doubt. He had gone to the great hotels, and they would not take him in. 'I was the first to recognise him,' affirmed a lad of the St. Gervais suburb, 'and I told everybody about it.' 'He has done us harm enough,' said another lad of fully twelve. 'Thiers is as guilty as he,' objected a spectator with a Parisian accent, which betrayed his connection with the Commune. 'When he comes to Geneva he shall have the same,' exclaimed a third lad, who was sucking a *brûle-gueule*.

"This narrative is not intended as a piece of news, nor as an insinuation that the traveller so ill received at Geneva was really the ex-dictator of Europe. I have simply wished to send you a popular scene taken from the life, and rich in instruction, grotesque and vulgar as it may appear. The reader may draw whatever moral from it he pleases.

"P.S.—I went this morning to the neighbourhood of the hotel. They all still believe it is he. They have seen him smile; they have heard him talk; 'tis the very man. 'But he is very much changed,' a simpleton remarked to me."

NEW MUSIC.

(London: Cramer, Wood, and Co.)

Cramer's Vocal Gems. New series. No. 7: Handel Festival Songs.

Cramer's Popular Tutor for the American Organ.

Queen of Beauty. Song. Words by Frederick Enoch. Music by Henry Smart.

In Sweet Forest Glades. Ballad. Written by G. D. Thompson. Music by G. A. Macfarren.

Mendelssohn's First Concerto. J. Rummel.

Eine Kleine Geschichte. J. M. Wehli.

Romance sans Paroles. G. Ferraris.

Impromptu. G. Ferraris.

Melodie Religieuse. G. Ferraris.

The Curfew. Words by Longfellow. Music by Charles W. Smith.

Hymns and Carols for the Church and Home. No. 4: The Pilgrims of the Night. Music by James F. Simpson.

The Flower and the Star. Ballad. Written by J. L. Lyons. Music by W. F. Taylor.

Six Marches performed by the Band of the Garde Republicaine. Arranged as duets for the pianoforte. Composed by M. de Lajarte.

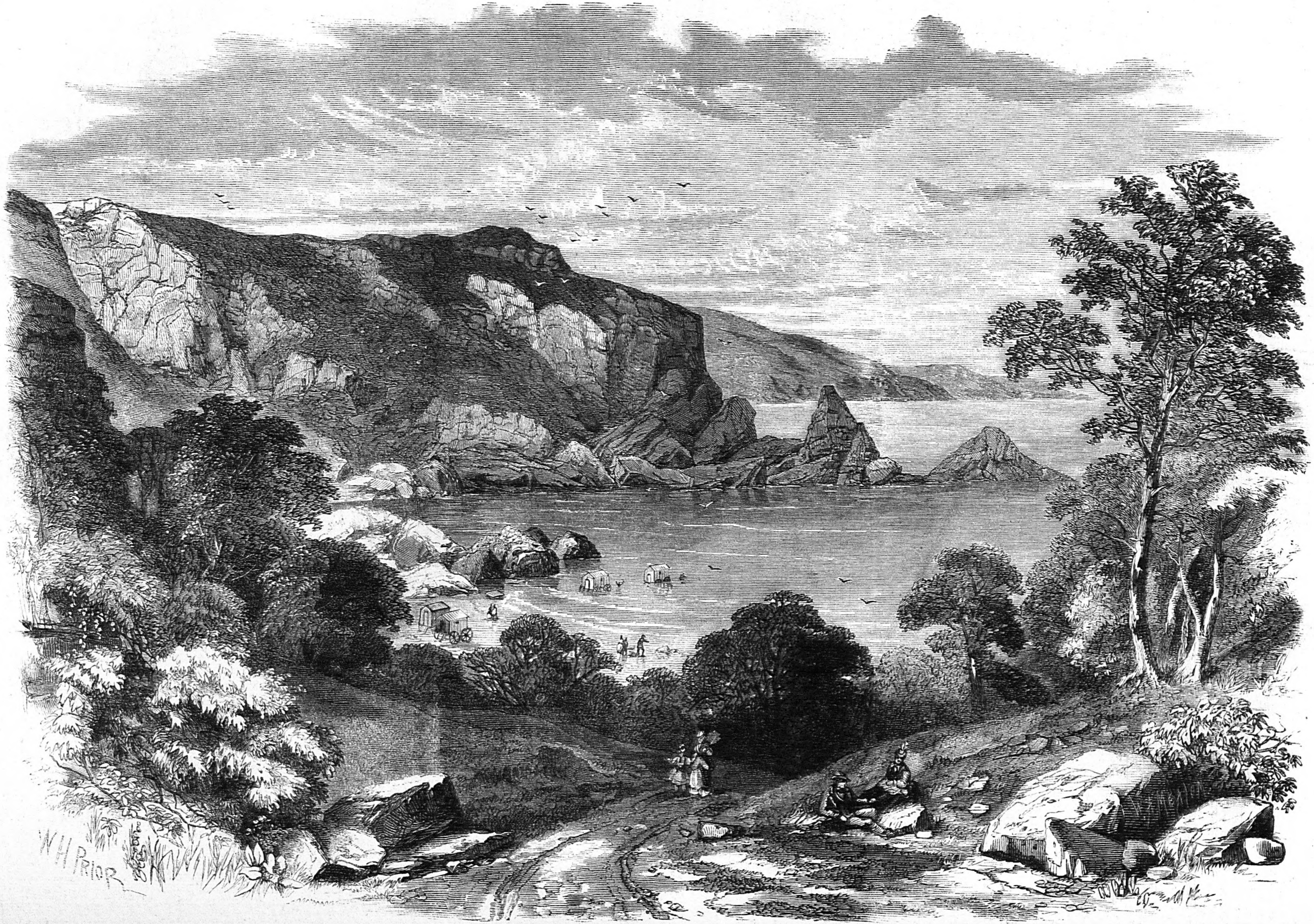
(London: William Henry Ross.)

Chime, Beautiful Bells. Song. Written by Dexter Smith. Composed by Eugene Loraine.

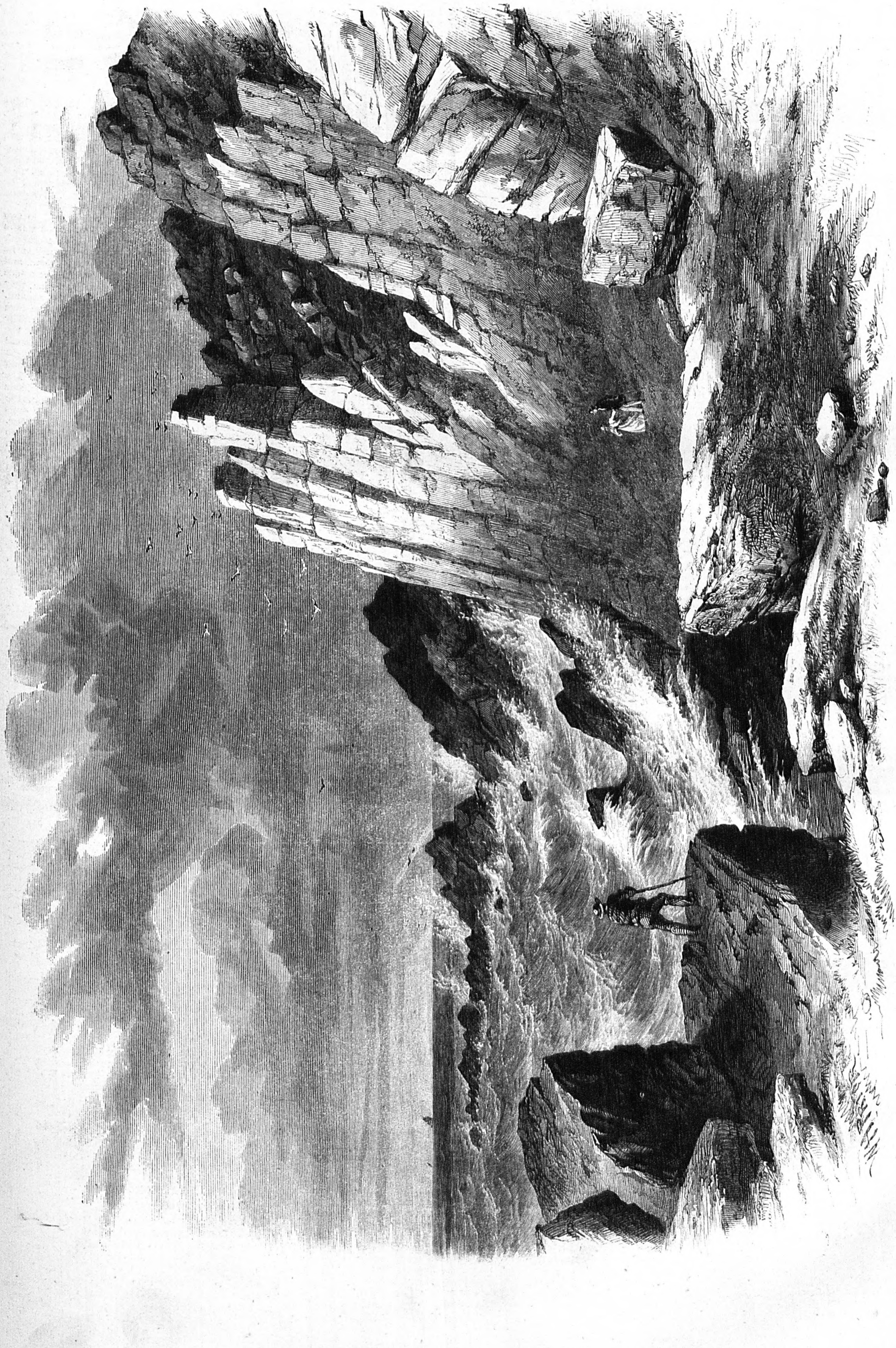
Wake, Lady, Wake. Serenade. Words by Robert Neville. Music by James F. Simpson.

An anti-stabbing association has been formed in Northern Italy. It has for its president the Marquis Salvatore Pes di Villamarina; for its vice-presidents, Deputy Villa and Professor Niccolini; for its secretaries Professor Rodella and Dr. Brogliera; and for its administrative committee nine of the most influential and respected men in different ranks and professions in Turin and Milan. They have issued an address in which they state the chief means which will be employed to encourage the well-conducted, to embolden the timid, and to put to shame those who by stabbing dishonour the country to which they belong.

Borwick's Custard Powder is now used by all respectable families for making delicious Custards and Blanc-Manges, and nothing can be more agreeable to eat with Puddings, Pies, and Stewed Fruits. Sold by all corndealers in 1d. and 2d. packets, and 6d. and 1s. tins. [157



III.—PICTURES ON THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY: ANSTEY'S COVE, NEAR TORQUAY.



IV.—PICTURES ON THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY: TOL PEDN PENWITH, NEAR LAND'S END.

BY RAIL TO "THE WILLOWS."

By BLANCHARD JERROLD.

CHAPTER XIV.

TOWSE.

TOWSE had a very weighty conversation with himself as he walked across the fields on that morning when his young master rode away through the brisk spring air and made the acquaintance of John Dyne and the contractor Nathaniel Huggins, Esq., of Westbournia. Towse walked with his hands thrust deep into his pockets, nervously turning a letter over and over again that was in one of them.

"This is likely to be a pretty piece of business," he said to himself, "this is. It ain't on the square. Not that Master Joe ain't a match for Miss Hornibrook, or any young lady in the county, I don't care who she is. I don't care for Master Daffydown's nonsense, nor Master Hoole's neither. That's all rubbish: my eye—yes, my eye. But it ain't square. That's what I don't like. It ain't open to the day, as you may say. Now, why shouldn't Master Joe go a-courting Miss Hornibrook like a man? Why should there be all this playing at hide-and-seek, and stuffing of letters in the hole of a tree? I'm the father of a family myself, and what should I say, when my gals grow up, if they was to serve me the same trick? And what should I say to the old willin who helped 'em to do it? I shouldn't be best pleased, that I know. No; it ain't square. It ain't right and reg'lar. But what am I to do? I haven't the heart to throw Master Joe over; and I should like to know who would have. Why, I knowed him in pinafores, and a beautiful, bouncing little chap he were. How he did eat and romp, and romp and eat, to be sure; and he knowed how to read before he had done with his rattle—the young rascal! And how fond he was of old Towse! It was, 'Towse, make me a whip;' 'Towse, I've hurt myself;' 'Towse, take me in the cart this morning.' The young rogue had such pretty ways, and coaxed so—well, it was just the same then. I couldn't refuse him nothing. If he had been my own flesh and blood I couldn't have loved him better. I thought when he went away to school that he would forget his old Towse. But not he, bless his heart—not he! When he came back for the holidays, wasn't it, 'Where's Towse?' 'Let me go to Towse'? And didn't he put up his brave young face for a kiss just as when he was a babby? Then, when he was going back to school, and I was a-cording his trunks, didn't he stand over me, with a big tear in the corner of both his eyes, and say to me, 'You won't forget Master Joe, Towse, will you? You'll think of him sometimes, when Master Joe is away, Towse; and you'll look after his pigeons, and make a nice warm nest for the tumblers?' To be sure I thought on him. To be sure I fed the pigeons, and made a nest for the tumblers. Bless him! he was a brave boy; and I am sure it did my heart good when I caught sight of him. Nobody ever said an unkind word of Master Joe. He was the life and soul of the place, wherever he was. Big or small, it was just the same. It was always a pleasure to do anything for him. 'No; you shall not call me Mr. Joseph,' said he when he came back from his great school, where he had been with lords and dukes and the rest of 'em. 'No, no, you shall not call me Mr. Joseph,' he said; 'let it be plain Master Joe, as it always was.' And Master Joe it has been ever since; and, please God, it always will be. But this business ain't square. Nothing can make it square. I'm not afraid for myself. If Master Joe was to say to me, 'Towse, I want you just to cut off that there right hand of yours,' off it would go, then and there. But it's for him I'm afraid. I never see anything good come of this sort of thing. Though I'm a very humble man, I've kept my eyes open, and I'm afraid Master Joe is filling a cup of pison for himself. The governor will go crazy when he finds it out, and that there proud Mr. Hornibrook will storm and swear, and talk about Master Joe as if he was the scum of the earth. I often says to myself 'Towse, you're a family man, and ever so much older than your young master, and it's your dooty to warn him,' and I often think I *will* slip in a word. But somehow, when the time comes, it ain't in me. And afterwards I'm fit to knock my head off. I think that jade, Noel, knows more about it than she chooses to speak. I dare say she thought I didn't see her squinting through the curtains, just now. But I did, the hussy!"

This soliloquy brought Towse to the stile that was in the corner of the field by The Willows, in which Mr. Hornibrook's horses were grazing, and through which a path led to the great kitchen-garden in the rear of the house. Not far from the stile, in the field, was a fine oak, in the shadow of which, when the sun was fierce, Mr. Hornibrook's cattle would lie. There was a crevice in the gnarled trunk of the brave old tree, on that side of it which was nearest the hedge. This was the lovers' letter-box. Mr. Towse sat for a moment upon the stile, ostensibly to rest himself, but, in reality, to enable him to look cautiously around.

"It ain't square," he muttered to himself, as he cautiously drew Master Joe's letter from the pocket of his velveteen coat. "But here goes!" And, creeping behind the tree, he peeped into the letter-box. "Oh, no," he said, "nothing! not the ghost of a bit of paper." He dropped Master Joe's letter into the box, and moved away, whistling carelessly. Then he resumed his seat upon the stile, and drew out his pipe and his tobacco-pouch. As he blew down his pipe, he glanced to the right and left, up and down the lane behind him. With a start, he thrust both pipe and pouch into his pocket, and stood in the lane. Mr. Hornibrook, walking with a rapid stride, was close upon him.

"Good day," said the master of The Willows, in reply to Towse, who nervously touched his hat to him.

The free, manly, and unsuspicious manner of Mr. Hornibrook smote honest old Towse to the heart, as he crept back to the works.

"I really must put a stop to this," said Towse, to himself, continuing his soliloquy; "I begin to hate myself. I'm very fond of Master Joe, and would go through fire and water for him, but this is mud, yes, mud, and very dirty mud, too," the old fellow repeated, pleased with his point. "It's best for Master Joe that there should be an end of it; I can't look in Mr. Hornibrook's face, that I can't; he hadn't the least idea of what I'd been doing, not he! And suppose he'd been a little sharper, and had come up just a minute before he did, and had seen me pull the letter out of my pocket, and put it in the tree? What would he have said then? It ain't square, and nothin' can make it square. I'm sure nobody can be fonder of Master Joe than I am, but I'm no friend of his, doing this for him; some of these days he'll turn round upon me, and say, 'Towse, you ought to have known better, you who was old enough to be my father.'"

Had Towse turned round as he walked up the lane, he would have seen that before Mr. Hornibrook had got much more than half across the field, towards The Willows, he met his two daughters. This meeting would have disquieted Towse, inasmuch as the conscience of Towse was not at rest. Nothing, however, could be more natural to the mind of Mr. Hornibrook than that his two daughters should go in the afternoon for their walk across his own fields, and in a neighbourhood where they were known to and respected by everybody. He was a widower, and his girls were his housekeepers. They made all the necessary domestic purchases at Barford; they settled the bills; and he was proud and pleased to see them transacting all these, their domestic duties. He knew that Emily did nearly all the work, but he constantly strove against his eldest daughter's distaste for the petty duties of a house, and when he was in the humour, as he generally was, would discourse to her in long, flowing sentences, on the uncertainties of life, and the prudence of being prepared for the worst fortune.

"So, children," he said to his two bright-eyed girls, when he met them in the field, "you're off for your walk; going to pay the butcher and baker, eh?"

"Law, papa," Emily answered, for it was she who always answered; "I pay them every Monday morning. Where do you think we're going?"

"Well, to call at the Vicarage, I hope, among other things, to inquire how poor Mrs. Carnegie is to-day."

"That we shall do, of course, papa, dear; but what else?"

"How am I to tell, you impudent chit?"

"What will you give me if I tell you?"

Mr. Hornibrook leant toward skittish Emily. "There!" said he.

"Well, now you shall know, papa. I'm going to buy a yard and a quarter of narrow black ribbon for an apron-string." And Emily ran laughing away.

Mr. Hornibrook, turning to his graver daughter, took her by the chin, and kissed her also, saying,

"Run along, you little church mouse. Well, well, Miss Emmy's got tongue enough for both of you."

As soon as Mr. Hornibrook was beyond ear-reach, Emily seized her sister's arm, and cried,

"My dear, I thought I should have sunk to the earth."

"You ridiculous creature, what's the matter now?"

"What's the matter? Why, while we were talking to papa, I could distinctly see the head of old Towse, bobbing above the hedge in the lane. My dear, papa must have met him. Perhaps he saw him come from behind the tree."

"Perhaps you're a little idiot," Sarah said, with much ill-temper, and hastening her pace.

"He couldn't have suspected anything, could he, though; or he wouldn't have been in such a good humour?"

"You genius!" Sarah retorted, shaking her head at Emily.

"It's all very well this time; but mark my words, it cannot last long. I declare I felt quite like a criminal."

"A saucy criminal, Emmy. Don't let us talk nonsense. Just look round, while I run to the tree."

The young lady skipped over the grass, and, in a few moments, had Mr. Joseph Smithett's letter in her pocket, and had left one for him in the letter-box. The country girl, who was so fond of bread and butter a few months ago, and was content to read the hours away in the shady nooks of the garden, had learned to act a cunning game. She could play her part excellently well. When she met Mr. Joseph Smithett in the High-street of Barford, or in the company of strangers, she was no more to him, outwardly, than any other young lady of the neighbourhood. Emily was shocked at her duplicity, and vowed she never would have believed, had she not seen it with her own eyes, that Sarah could have put a mask on so artfully. Even Mr. Hornibrook's occasional sneers against the manufacturer's son lost their effect upon his elder daughter's features; and the fiercer he became in his anger, the more completely indifferent did the young lady appear. And this had been all accomplished in a few short months! Has the world not seen the like of this many a time and oft?

CHAPTER XV.

MISS SARAH.

MISS SARAH rocks upon papa's slipper: her ringlets dancing to the familiar air of "Ride a Cock Horse." Papa folds her in his arms, and stares into her big grey eyes, and kisses the veined lids. Papa threatens to eat her—little red shoes and all—and without the smallest grain of salt. Then papa teaches her to trundle her hoop; and holds her doll while she fastens its garden bonnet. Nay, papa has done more than this, some years ago. Before Sarah could speak or walk—when she could only scream and crow—he has walked up and down his chamber, on cold nights, rocking a peevish babe to rest. He has guarded her through young maidenhood with a loving care that had no rest. He has made holiday with a glowing heart on how many of her birthdays. He has been proud to feel her little hand nestling upon his arm. How many whims has he not met! How many tears has he not staunched! In all the world, has he not been—is he not—the human creature who loves her with a self-sacrificing love—with a love that has not a particle of self in it? Oh! child! child! must it be that all these things shall be blotted out, when a stranger passes your poor father's gates? Is there to be no thought more, or ever so little, of the brave man whose arm has so long been your shield? The days that are no more—need they be forgotten so quickly? Aye, papa must bear it—the stranger's eyes have fallen on the happy girl, and hers have fallen to the ground, and she is his. She is no longer fancy free. A new light has entered her heart, and the others that were in the chambers of it flicker in the socket.

It is best not to storm and raise a rebellious hand against fate—against nature—in speaking to the young. A tender hand to guide; words of counsel in the softest tones; lessons of prudence and of duty, pointed with kisses; and liberal admission of the common proneness to be of the earth, earthy—this is the better, the wiser course. The timid bird that has been wounded past repair will come back to be comforted, and will be docile. Don't frighten it away, at any rate. No good can come of that.

I am sure no father was ever more devoted to two girls left without a mother, than Mr. Hornibrook was to his daughters, Sarah and Emily. He said he couldn't bear to think of The Willows without them. As he expressed it, it was they who kept the nest warm, and made him happy, when he turned his widower's face towards the old home. They were his sunshine, they were the beings upon whom his heart would expand. And yet, as he often thought in bitterness, the time must come when they would go forth from The Willows and make other homes. He prayed that the time might be far off, and he watched with intense jealousy and resentment the approach of any stranger towards his girls. He vowed that there was not a young man in all the county who was worthy of them. The young men round about were, with few exceptions, sots and scapegraces—fit for the stable rather than the drawing-room, and prouder of their horses and dogs than of any learning they had brought from their college. He was sure that his girls were too refined and too sensible to fall in love with any of the young gentlemen in the neighbourhood of The Willows. As for Sarah, she knew more than all of them put together, and read twenty books for every one they read.

"We are most unfortunate in the county," Mr. Hornibrook said, talking over the prospects of his children with Mr. Carnegie. "In all my experience of the world, I never saw such a set of young men as we have about us."

"I am afraid I cannot justly say much in their defence," the Vicar answered. "I see very few of them, I regret to say, at church. They ask for the lightest and trashiest books at the Reading Club, and are always hanging about the stables or the bar of the Dragon."

"Yes, and they are so confoundedly witty; so indescribably funny! They are *beaux esprits*, every one of them—so many Sheridans and Sydney Smiths."

"It is a great pity, a vast pity; but they are of their time, you see, Hornibrook. This is the funny age. Everybody is torturing and mangling the language with their puns. Time was when wit was a rare jewel, and now it is to be found, it seems, in every room of every house."

"Yes, that's it," Mr. Hornibrook said. "I am told that wit sparkles in the tap-room of the Flower Pot just as brightly as at the bar of the Dragon. One of Mr. Smithett's men seems to be the supreme wit of the place. Many a sly hit he has had, Carnegie, at you and me before now, I dare say. We have been in the crucible many a time and oft; our foibles have been shot through and through; our names have been pegs to hang puns upon. Yes; Mr. Smithett's carter has demolished the pair of us, long before this time." This was accompanied with a bitter laugh.

Said Mr. Carnegie: "For the matter of that, Hornibrook, *Rira bien qui rira le dernier*. The young gentlemen who assemble at the Dragon haven't spared the lash, I warrant. A few of their witticisms have reached my ear now and then. The epigrams were were without the 'wasp's edge.' The shafts were rough and clumsy. Poor boys, let us pity them. There are not above three or four among them who can read a wise and solid book."

"And conspicuous among these witlings, I presume, is that superb scholar, young Mr. Smithett," said Mr. Hornibrook, with a lofty sneer.

"You are really unpardonable," Mr. Carnegie answered. "I am really grieved, Hornibrook, and hurt, to see you cherish your really unjustifiable prejudices against Smithett. He is one of the very few who can and does study, who can talk seriously and well. I know he is the only young man in this neighbourhood who cares to have a quiet walk and talk with me, and who has a good store of learning to draw upon when he does talk. There would be little to find fault with if all the young fellows in the county followed his example. There is certainly not young Mr. Smithett's equal in this neighbourhood among the young men."

"Come, come, Carnegie," Mr. Hornibrook interrupted.

Mr. Carnegie said: "I speak advisedly, and the time will come, Hornibrook, should my new friend remain in these parts, when you will share my opinion of him."

CHAPTER XVI.

TWO LETTERS.

THESE were the letters which were deposited in the oak letter-box on the day described in the last chapter. Were there ever two lovers more cautious than Mr. Joseph Smithett and Miss Hornibrook? She was Silvia: and he was Benedict.

BENEDICT TO SILVIA.

"Sweetest beloved, you are the most adorable creature on the face of the earth. Yesterday I thought I could not love you more entirely than when I was writing you the letter you got, I hope, before the sun went down: and now the love of yesterday seems to me weak and poor compared with the flame that at this moment consumes me. The ways of the world are hard and cruel: most cruel when they cross the path of love like ours. Why should I not speak—if not to your father, at least to Mr. Carnegie? Why should our love be put out of sight—as though there were disgrace instead of glory and hope in it? We both abhor the secresy of this correspondence; yet how has it been forced upon us, and by whom? What are the petty and old-fashioned social distinctions that stand between us? Why should your father refuse us the happiness we both seek in a marriage of sincere and spontaneous affection? I am of no old family. I know my position is a monument of my father's industry. The little culture I boast is the fruit of his labour. Should I not be a coward and an ingrate if I could for one moment feel ashamed of my inheritance—even in the presence of the best blood in the country? I know your feeling—your opinions, my sweet Silvia; and to you I speak, with delight, my thoughts, free as they rise. The intimacy of this is rapture to me.

"When I think how much it would cost me to lose you, and then face the difficulties that lie in our way, you will forgive me if I start, fearing the worst: that some plan may fail, some untoward event occur. Then there is pleasure in the remembrance of the much there is to do before you can be mine. Every difficulty, as it overtops the last, is but another thrill to our love.

"For the present our holy secret, my beloved Silvia, is safe. My mother asked me this morning whether it was true I had a *penchant* towards Miss Crampton. Last week it was Miss Staples. 'Neither Crampton nor Staples is the name, mama,' my sister (who knows everybody's business) answered. I was for a moment puzzled.

"Don't be alarmed; she knows nothing. I pressed her afterwards; and she confessed she only interfered *pour un intriguer*. She takes a malicious pleasure, I must tell my sweet Silvia, in puzzling people. A good little creature at heart, as you will find some day: she does contrive, in her careless way, to set people by the ears every day of her life. There are two people, however, whom she will never set by the ears. Can you guess, Silvia mine, who these two people may be?

"I am writing this in my room while you are folded to rest, and I have been sitting at the window till the sharp air drove me from it, wondering whether Silvia was dreaming of her Benedict. But no, she is not, or the cold had not reached me! It is not true that we dream by night of that which has been in our minds all day. The land of dreams is a wilderness in which we lose our way, and come upon all manner of confused and unexpected things. You had a dream, you tell me, you could not shake off. It has haunted and depressed you. I trust it was not of our love. Not that I am foolish enough to see passages of our life in the visions of sleep. Still, I hope your 'cruel' dream was not of our love—since I know by your anxiety, that you, with most people, attach some little weight to the unbidden thoughts that rush through the sleeper's brain, and I cannot bear that you should feel a cloud overshadowing us.

"When am I to see my Silvia again?

"Write me in time to-morrow. Enrich me, my beloved, with more of your sweet thoughts. Give me yet another of those little letters warm from your touch, that I may feel my heart glad against it, as I travel to town in the afternoon, to be back, and near you, before rest time.

"When am I to see my Silvia?

"BENEDICT."

SILVIA TO BENEDICT.

"To-morrow: by the mill wheel—when the bats are flying.

"SILVIA."

(To be continued.)

TWO EMPERORS AT ISCHL.

THE correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, writing on Saturday, gives the following account of the meeting of two Emperors at Ischl:—

"Imagine a small town, the perfection of neatness and cleanliness, imbedded in hills which are almost mountains, with a river on one side, and a stream penetrating the very heart of the place. Figure to yourself a happy village in which there is no noise, except, perhaps, that arising from the practising of pianos from eight to ten a.m.—the air was heavy with variations, I confess—cottages, gardens, flowers, day schools, hot baths, swimming ditto (boys, six to ten a.m.; girls—Government office hours—from ten to three p.m.), a theatre, a drinking hall, several bands, a market, a mayor, and a magistrate. People go to their baths in 'chaises-à-porter.' But perhaps I can in no way so well describe the primitive condition of Ischl as by saying that there are still sedan chairs there. I saw one last night; and, just as when in the morning I saw the Danube I thought of '*ter frigore constitit Ister*,' even so, on seeing that ancient conveyance, I thought of Bantam, Sam Weller, Pickwick, the tea-rooms, the 'great Commoner,' the annual events on Lansdown, and Miss Milner, who found Bath changed, in the simple story of Maria Edgworth. The two Emperors will be here before I close this letter. Kaiser William left Frankfort yesterday, and was received at Wels by Kaiser Francis Joseph, who, with true Austrian Grand-Seigneur style, has sent horses from Vienna, so that the small procession post into Ischl in the true Imperial form.

"And what are they waiting for? Every one has his own version and his own 'best authority' theory. I have mine, as I telegraphed to you yesterday from Salzburg. I have just received despatches from a friend (a Russian) in St. Petersburg, which tell me that Russian army organisation is going on there to a degree and with a rapidity which would astonish even Moltke's administrators. Compulsory service without exception; but, as the surface of Russia is so vast that it forbids centralisation—it would take half the year for some divisions to reach head-quarters—there are to be provincial depôts. Last month began the official examination of all the weak spots in the extended frontiers. A Captain with a small party is sent out to explore and report to head-quarters at St. Petersburgh on every frontier point, and its value for both offence and defence. That the Russians, who are past-masters in the art, will imitate and beat the Prussians in their wonderful way of getting information, I do not doubt. Perhaps the system is already at work—perhaps it has been in operation for years. The troops are also now employed in seeing how fast they can lay down their own railways. It is said that they can finish a league a day, fit for traffic; but practical men doubt it. At any rate, Russians make no secret of saying—and it has been lately said in London—'It will be our turn next; and, depend on it, *we* will not be unprepared.' Only yesterday, at Salzburg, I met a very old friend, who is one of the leading active men in Hungary, and said to him, 'What are these Emperors going to do?' 'Going to do?' he said (and he is very likely to know)—'going to arrange for that Prusso-Austro-Italian alliance which a Russo-French alliance will soon make a matter of absolute necessity.' 'And you Hungarians?' I asked. 'We go with Austria and with Italy, which Thiers has so insulted; and in four years we shall have a perfect army for Hungary itself of 500,000 men.' Other politicians get at the same result—war—by a different process. They think that any Government of France which may arise out of the present chaos must go to war with somebody to keep its seat at Paris or Versailles, and that they will sacrifice anything to get any alliance. Russia is the only Power open to such alliance, and if she refuses and France must fight, she will attack some smaller Power. Of course England is meant. I give you this as the constant chatter in trains and at public places, but for what it is worth; yet I think there are complications enough to give ample ground for the discussions which commenced here to-day, and will be matured at Gastein.

"There is a mild movement in the street: a band is passing: women's heads are at windows; some children run down the street, singing 'The Kaisers are coming;' but, considering that their own Emperor, whom they love, and his guest, whom I almost believe they fear as the Great Absorber, are within gunshot of us as I write these lines (gunshot now means a mile or two, you know), the worthy Ischlites take it very coolly. All the windows have cushions to lean on, *à la* Coventry Club in the bad old times when we were all wicked, but there are few leaning on them. A dozen people are in the street which we command out of the windows of the Golden Cross, an hotel which I recommend most conscientiously; and a trader has just sold at ten kreutzers each a dozen red balloon-bladders which enthusiasts will shake from balconies. A man goes by in a 'chaise-à-porter.' Hark! a bell rings. Oh! it is only the supper bell of the Gasthoff zum Goldenen Stern. Two children are making dirt pies in the gutter—even in Ischl that branch of infantine gastronomy is practised. There is not a flag nor a flower, though an Austrian town must have the 'black and yellow' as surely as Baden has the 'rouge-et-noir,' and there are plenty of flowers, for I walked through a series of Edens—'cottage' Edens, as they say of small pianos—while strolling to my bath. By the by, the bath, the *sitzbad*, the toothpicks, the *fussbad*, the candlesticks, door handles, and ice-pails are all here made of pine wood; and the effect is that everything is as bright and clean to look at as the Harrisburg mail, the seeing of which caused Charles Dickens's friend to 'darn his old mother.'

"While I await my Emperors, I will register another fact. In Germany everything is done at the wrong time, which puts out those who have left civilisation. The Germans' hours are not everybody's hours, nor to my taste are they rosy. I am always, in Germany, the wrong man come with the wrong hour. When I want to go to bed the natives with one accord get up. When I want a bath the servants are having early beer and sausage. I ask for breakfast, and am requested to wait till dinner is over; and later they come to know if I will take my dinner before or after supper. If I took supper it would be at the hour at which the over-bright chanticleers of Ischl proclaim the morn. I prefer unusual hours, but regular; to bed, say, at five a.m., breakfast two p.m., dinner nine p.m., and to bed again when you have any spare time. One more fact. All the tiles in Ischl are made of wood, and the carpenter is now doing the business of 'Teddy' at the opposite house. I should not like to buy shoes here (for fear of religious riots in Ireland), nor nutmegs.

"And now I wish the Kaisers would come, for they are an hour late, and the soup will be colder than the Rhine wine. But there they do come, just one hour late. The two Emperors in an open carriage and two grey horses, and nine other carriages, all drawn by grey horses, rattled rapidly down the street. Everybody was in undress uniform, and the Emperor of Austria, whom I have not seen for some years, struck me as looking very fresh and young. No tutors seem to have come; and so it would appear as if the Kaisers were to settle affairs their own way. To be sure, there are such things as previous instructions and telegraph wires, over which notes sent by subordinates—not the chief, mind you—still pass, and which arrive even unto Ischl. There was a very private dinner at the Imperial villa—a nice place, with a luxurious swimming-school, close to the Traun; and then the Emperor William went off, weary, I should say, to the Hôtel Bauer. I say weary; for, my dear reader, if you run about Europe like the Emperor of Germany, when you, too, carry fifteen lustres, I fear you may be fatigued. To-morrow the Emperor of Germany goes off, *viâ* Salzburg to Gastein, where the Emperor Francis Joseph is to pay the return visit. The Empress is to be there to meet the German Kaiser.

"I have been strolling about Ischl all the evening, but all I learnt was that the absence of political notabilities was much remarked; and I do not wonder at it; for however common-place and aimless this Imperial politeness may be—mind, I do not think it is either—nothing will convince the subjects of either Sovereign that the present Ischl-Gastein meeting is not big with the fate of Europe. Nothing can be more charming than this place from an hour before sunset till the God of Day sinks to sleep behind the mountains. The expression 'smiling landscape' might well and truly be applied to the scene. which changes every five minutes, and offers such contrasts of light and shade, such glorious hues of dying day, as I have seen only in Eastern climes, where it is 'one unclouded blaze of living light.' The little town, too, is nestled among the hills, which protect it on all sides, and, to the eye, turn the 'Traun' into several lakes. That it is gay I cannot say—indeed, under cross-examination, I should admit that it was dull. I have just been to the Sophien Esplanade to hear a band and see all the fine world. I heard the band, which, being Austrian, was good. The men were in black, with tall hats, and looked like musical mutes after an hospitable funeral. The people, male and female, were plain to a fault, and as respectable as Exeter. I confess that, after crossing the real German frontier, we *did* hope to find a little of that social Viennese vice which makes life so agreeable and does so little harm. Then I went to the Casino—a square building covered with 'Vigne Vierge' (Virginian creeper)—and the only member I saw was a virgin in a mushroom hat, lace cap, and spectacles, who was verging on her eleventh lustre. There was also a waiter, but he was deaf. Half a dozen carriages went by—one a very neat mail phaeton, so badly driven that it was all over the road; in another a grey-haired lady, in a grey dress, was being taken about in a grey barouche drawn by two grey horses, driven by a coachman who, as well as the footmen, was in grey livery and a white hat. It looked like the turnout of the White Ladye of Avenel. Then there was everywhere a knell—it was a bell for supper; but it might have been the curfew, for all lights were out, and all people in, shutters were shut, doors locked, and the citizens of Ischl at nine p.m. had 'left the world to darkness and to me.'"

A NEW ORLEANS SENSATION.

THE *New Orleans Picayune* has the following:—Few of the residents in the lower part of the city of late years but are familiar with some of the incidents we are now relating. They have often seen in the twilight of summer evenings a singular apparition. Suddenly, on the banquette of Music-street, has appeared an old man, with long grey hair, and clad in the costume of half a century ago. The garments were faded and worn, but revealed a richness which, in earlier days, was more fitted for a court than an American metropolis. He was a very tall man, although a hunchback, and but for the deformity would have been of gigantic proportions. In the breadth of shoulders, the deep powerful chest, and long nervous arms, resided marvellous strength, while the lower limbs, fashioned in magnificent strength and beauty, arrested attention and commanded admiration wherever he appeared. He spoke to no one, but in silent abstraction pursued his lonely walk far into the night. Years went by, and night after night little children paused in their play to watch the receding form of the lonely man. It must have been forty years ago that he first came among us. He looked middle-aged then, but as the years flew by the sturdy frame remained flexible and active, though the hair grew grey, and his face was seamed with wrinkles. He lived in a little brick building that set back from the street. Wild vines crept over the crumbling tiles and wreathed fantastic shapes on the chimney tops. In the yard beautiful flowers bloomed all the year round, and their perfume made the air sensuous and sweet. At a window shaded by a trellis-work hid in the bloom of roses, the old man sat of afternoons and watched the sun's decline. No one else was ever seen in the house—no one ever crossed the threshold, and so he lived, a smileless, sad old man, in a lonely house. But one day, not a great while since, the neighbours saw the blinds in the house were closed. The old man had not appeared on the street for weeks, and the grass had begun to grow from the chinks of the marble slabs at his door, and it begun to be whispered about that the old man was dead. At last, one day, the neighbours went in (they were poor people, but kindly and true). Sure enough, he was dead. He lay pallid and stark on a pallet of straw. There were a few scattered chairs around the room, and a plain table. Only one object arrested the eye. Near the body was a rich casket, set in mother-of-pearl and gold. Jewels flashed from the costly lid, and wreathed in the dust of diamonds were engraved the "lilies of France" in a coronet of gold. They opened the box, and there flashed on their eyes the *Bourbon diadem*. It was stolen the night of the 16th of August, 1830, when Charles X. abdicated the throne of France in favour of the Duke of Bordeaux. Underneath it was a manuscript written in French. It contains only these words:—

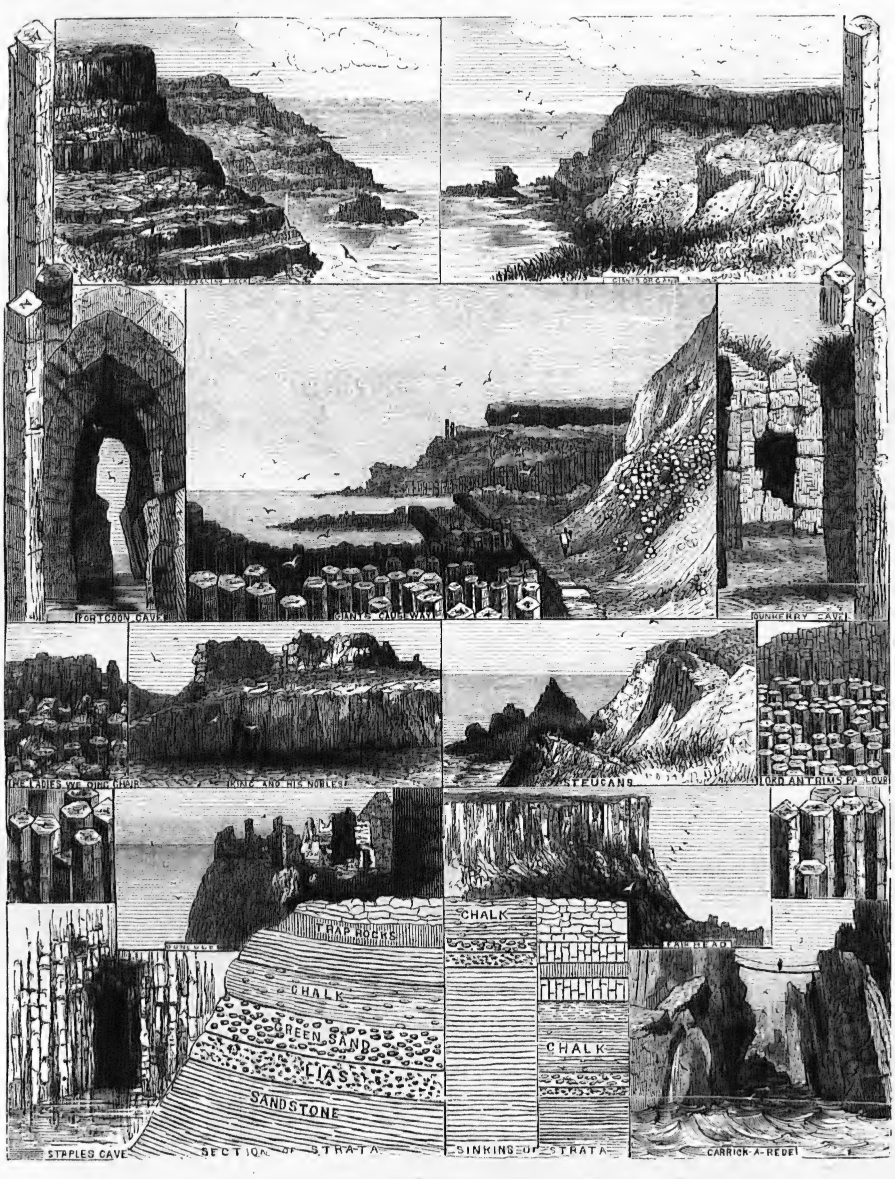
> I am Charette, the Vendean General. Maria of Savoy was to have been my wife. She was taken from me and given to the Comte d'Artois. I could have forgiven this, but he deceived me when I most needed his help and assistance. I revenged myself and procured his overthrow, and am happy since he died in exile.

This was all. Over his life silence now draws a veil. His wayward passions, his inward conflicts, none can estimate. Lonely and sad he perished in exile; none could appreciate his injuries; let none judge too harshly of his life.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—EXCELLENT PILLS.—The resources of medicine and chemistry were long and fruitlessly tried before they yielded a remedy which could overcome disorders of the stomach and nerves till Professor Holloway discovered his purifying and tonic Pills. They are the safest and surest correctives of indigestion, heartburn, flatulency, torpidity of the liver, twitchings, nervous fancies, despondency, low spirits, and declining strength. Holloway's Pills supersede all irregular action in the body, and so strengthen and support the system that disease departs, and leaves the patient not at all shaken. This is the grand desire and object of medical art, to regulate disordered functions without damaging the constitution by the remedy, and admirably is this end attained by Holloway's Pills.

A SUMMER VISIT TO THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

The Giant's Causeway, so celebrated for its wild attractions, its legendary interest, as well as its geological character, is situate on the north coast of Ireland. We start from London for Fleetwood, which we reach in eight hours by railway; the steamer is waiting at the quay, and then we cross the Irish Channel to Belfast (the most thriving town in Ireland). One of the Ulster lines of railway conducts us to Coleraine and the pretty watering-place of Portrush, which is second only to Boulogne for the extent of its sands, and so full of interest from its beautiful white rocks, and its many caverns (there are twenty-seven in number), terminated by the historic towers of Dunluce. From Portrush we take our seats on one of the jaunting cars, travelling over a very rough road, winding inland for a time; then on to the coast edge, passing the front of Dunluce Castle, and disclosing glorious views of the scenery to which we are bound; and thus we arrive at the Causeway Hotel, and the gate of our giant wonder.



The Giant's Causeway, and the Section of Strata upon which it Stands.

The Causeway is 90 miles across the sea due south of Staffa, and connected with that island in its columnar formation. It is not quite 200 years since attention was first directed to this coast; but very little scientific information was obtained until Dr. Hamilton published his letters about 80 years ago, which resulted in the coast being visited by thousands of tourists and many scientific men. Our sketches will explain the character of the Causeway better, perhaps, than words. Our readers must imagine a large district covered with lava, once poured out in a molten fluid state thousands of years ago, from the yawning crevices of the solid earth, and thus superimposed or forced up again on the surface; and in the gradual cooling becoming the many-sided crystals we now behold. The few acres exhibited, however, are but a fraction of four or five hundred miles of lava poured out and spread in thin layers over the chalk in the north-east of Ireland. In appearance you must suppose a wild, rocky, and tesselated shore, with here a shoal, and there a beetling cliff, alternating with masses of calcined *debris*, while the majority of rocks or cliffs are deposited in layers one above another; these are formed of perpendicular and geometrical columns, varying from three-sided to nine-sided, and all wedged, or fitting so closely together, as to exclude the thickness of a sharp knife between them. The exposed ends of these columns form the causeway, or irregular tesselated pavement, a natural quay jutting out into the sea, and paved with the smooth and flat tops of these many-sided columns.

These columns are not continuous, but made up of several small pieces, fitted together by convex and concave surfaces, and held by a sort of tendon called a "spur," which must be broken before they can be separated. They are composed, chemically, of flinty earth, iron, clay, and lime, formed by a fusion of their ingredients into one mass, which in cooling has crystallised into regular forms, as starch and various salts will do in drying. By far the greater number of the columns are hexagonal; from this we may conclude that the pillars were all at one period long soft shafts, which, from being strongly pressed against one another, were forced to assume that form, just as the cells of bees, or any other round body, when pressed equally on all sides by other bodies. Of course a coast like this, to a primitive and poetic people like the Irish, has been the source of many a quaint legend, and its building has been attributed to the giants, dating back as it does to the heroic period, when giants were supposed able to conquer nature, and perform miracles of strength. One tradition is, that the champion of Ireland, Fin McCoul, felt himself aggrieved at the vain boasting of a Scotch giant, named Benandonner, who offered to beat all that came in his way; and he even dared to tell the Irish Fin, that, were it not for getting his feet wet, he would swim over and thrash him. This so annoyed McCoul, that he begged an audience of the king of the country, who permitted him to build a way right across into Scotland, on which the Scotch giant came and fought the Irish champion. As a matter of course the Irish giant was the victor, but, being of a generous nature, he allowed his rival to settle in Ireland. It is also related, that when all the giants died, the causeway was no longer wanted, and sunk under the sea, leaving only portions visible—the pretty island of Rathlin, and the portals of the Great Gate of Staffa shown below.

THE STEUCANS AND ENTRANCE TO THE CAUSEWAY.

The Great and Little Steucan are two hill promontories which separate Port-na-Baw from Port Ganniay, at the eastern extremity of which is the Causeway. The rugged road that has been constructed at the foot of the hills, along the coast, and amid broken columns, may be called the direct entrance. Our view is from the headland, just as the tourist descends into the footpath; it therefore overlooks the two hills. From this point they seem only rugged promontories, upon which sheep get small nourishment from the scanty herbage. The water view, however, discloses the Columnar Basalt. On turning the angle of the footpath, we enter the rugged road above referred to; and on our left, among columns, is a well of the purest spring-water, called the "Giant's Well," and here is disclosed the grand general view of the Causeway, as seen in our central sketch.

THE CAVES.—PORT-COON CAVE.

Although there are three caves to which attention is directed in our boat journey from Port-na-Baw, Port-Coon is the chief and most representative; it is about half a mile west of the Causeway: on entering, our eye gets accustomed to the semi-darkness, and looking up, we perceive the roof is slightly arched. The rock is of a rounded form, seemingly embedded in the fused amorphous basalt; the colour is a rich brown, relieved by a dark purple, slimy to the touch, and has no appearance of columns. This cave is rendered most celebrated by the story told by the guides, of its having been for years the residence of a hermit giant, who had been very roughly used in his day, and so resolved (as was the fashion of old) to end his days in a sea-cave, praying and fasting. Satan, it is said, tempted him in the usual way, by sending sea ladies with savoury smelling food, and although very faint and hungry, still he kept to the vow he had sworn "never to touch food brought him by mortal hands." One day, when at his last gasp with starvation, who should come swimming up the cave but a seal, with something in her mouth, which she dropped at his feet, saying, "Holy Giant, eat what I have brought, and you break no vow, as I have no mortal hands to tempt you. It is far better to live on, and set your back to the troubles of the world, than to lie down like a dog and die under them." The giant ate and, it is said, was fed ever after by the seals, who were good and kind to him to the last.

A little further to the west, we get to Dunkerry Cave, which can only be entered from the water, while Port-Coon can be entered by land as well.

This cavern is about sixty feet high, and the roof is slightly arched and Gothic.

There is a third cavern between these two, but owing to a slip in the rocks, only the entrance can be seen, as it is not safe to enter.

GIANT'S ORGAN AND GIANT'S HEAD.

Our boat now returns eastward, passing the sea front of the Steucans we have already described. Skirting the Causeway, we enter Port Noffer, and, looking up, we perceive the exposed basaltic columns rising to the top of the cliff, and disclosing, about half-way down, a colonnade of columns called the "Giant's Organ," from its similarity to that instrument. We then enter the Bay, in which is the Giant's Amphitheatre, most perfect in form, and composed of many rows of basaltic columns. Several large masses of rocks stand out prominently from the coast, assuming monstrous and fantastic forms. One set seen in the centre of our series, is called "The King and his Nobles," from the likeness to a set of giant heads, and we thus arrive at the Pleaskins.

THE PLEASKINS.

The view given of this magnificent promontory is from the part best known as "Hamilton's Seat," where three headlands are to be seen at once; and it is utterly impossible for any sketch to do justice either to its pictorial character, or its geological display: in that respect it is considered on all hands the finest of all the promontories, as the Amphitheatre is the finest of the bays. The meaning of the word "Pleaskin" is "Dry Head:" it rises to the height of 400 feet, and exhibits numerous strata, the varied colours of which, blended with the grass and herbage, give this headland a special charm over all the others.

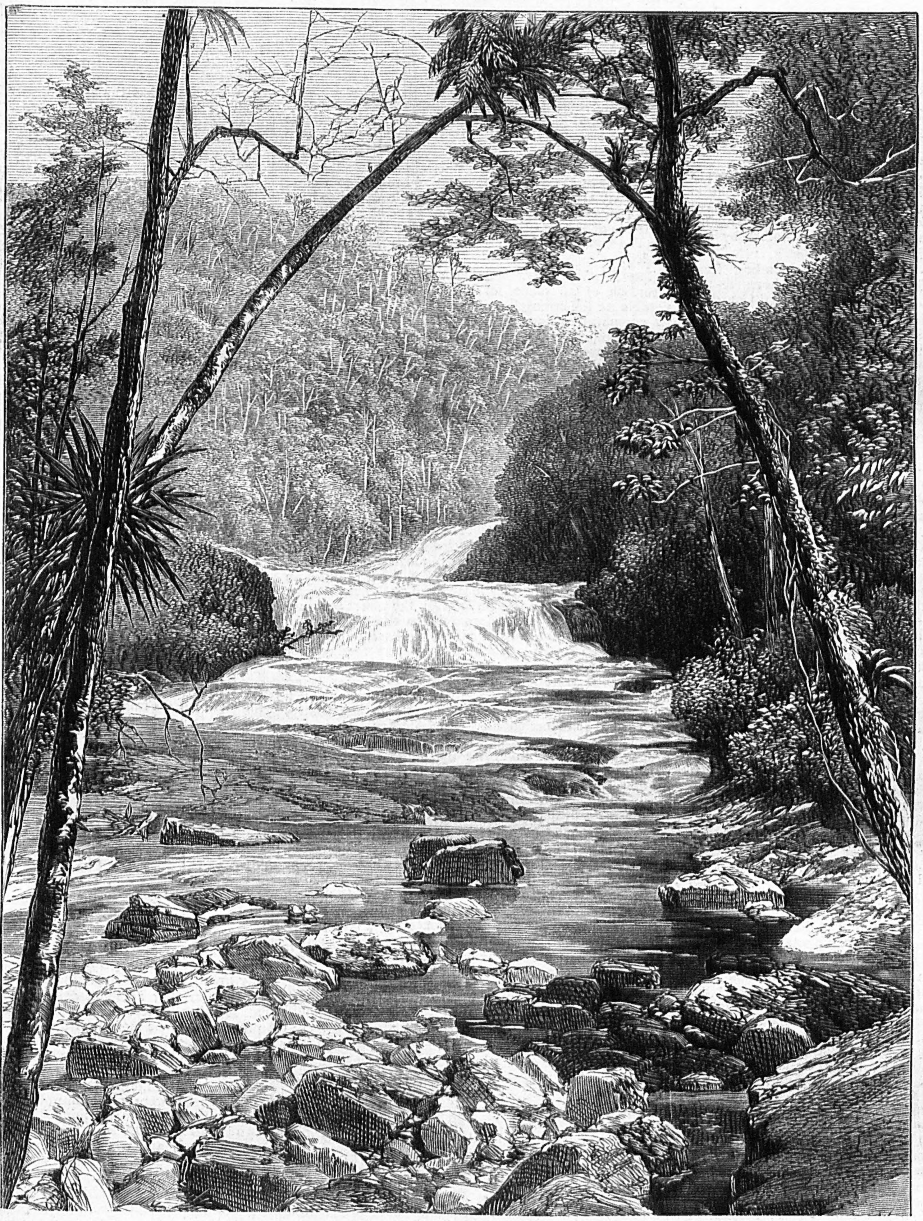
The rich brown of the basalt columns, the ochres with streaks of almost vermillion redness upon which they seem to rest, blended with lines of the coal formation, tastefully varied with ferns, grasses, and rare rock plants, render the *tout ensemble* a real treat for the lovers of colour. Although in our boat view of this headland it seemed fine, yet the Pleaskins are infinitely grander and more imposing in the view here presented, when we are looking upon the grand galleries and colonnades, the black irregular rocks that go down to the sea, occasionally broken with dashes here and there of verdure, and swarming with sea-birds; the whole form a scene not only of surpassing loveliness, but of real grandeur. In our further boat progress we pass the Horse Shoe Harbour, the Twins, Giant's Pulpit, and Bengore Head, on rounding which we come upon the pillar known as the "Four Sisters," with many others, and ultimately reached Carrick-a-Rede, Grace Staple Cave, and Fairhead, which may be said to terminate these coast wonders.

At the base of our views will be seen a sketch of the geologic formation upon which all these scenic wonders rest.

An excursion train from London to Liverpool ran into some laden trucks which were left standing on the main line at King Sutton, near Banbury, on Saturday afternoon. The driver and fireman leaped from the engine, which is described as having been "completely doubled up," and many of the excursionists were injured. On the same day there was a collision between a goods and a passenger train near Milnthorpe, on the Lancashire and Carlisle line. The driver of the former was severely hurt, but the carriages of the passenger train escaped without damage.

CASCADE AT TIJUCA.

Dom Pedro's country is full of beautiful scenery. In the Brazils nature is not trimmed and otherwise "improved" upon. It is in its primeval state—luxurious and wild. Our drawing on this page will instruct the reader as to the character of landscape at Tijuca. The picture is more like a fancy work of Doré's than a sketch from nature. The water is running from out a paradise of trees, and blobbing, gurgling, dashing, tumbling over great moss stones in beautiful confusion, forming one of the most delightful cascades in the world.



CASCADE AT TIJUCA.

THE MASONS' STRIKE AT BERLIN.

The Berlin correspondent of the *Daily News* writes on August 6 :—

On Sunday last I had a peep at the "social movement" now dragging itself along in this capital. Working men's meetings which are expected and destined to become monster meetings are usually held here on Sunday mornings during church time. They commence as early as nine, at latest at ten o'clock. The order of the day was the normal "ten hours working day," and the "lodging question." The place selected was the Louisenstadt Theatre, one of the numerous new theatres where refreshments are taken in the body of the house itself, as well as in the boxes, and where smoking is allowed. Most of these theatres were formerly music-halls, and have received their new character in consequence of the establishment of perfect free trade in the drama by Imperial legislation. They are generally of enormous size, so as to pay in spite of the very low prices of admission. The Louisenstadt Theatre, on Sunday morning last, contained a crowded meeting of at least 5,000 persons. The invitation came from the "Allgemeine Deutsche Arbeiter-verein" (Universal German Working Men's Association), a body of thoroughgoing Communists. The occasion on which these agitators had seized was a strike of the masons of Berlin, of already three weeks' duration. The masons had struck for ten hours' instead of twelve hours' work at the old wages, viz., three shillings per day. But it had not been their object to forbid extra hours for increased pay—about 4d. an hour; they evidently meant more money and not less time; for that would be the practical consequence should they conquer. The Communists, who presided over the meeting, and who had the speaking all to themselves, made great efforts to persuade them to adopt in future another programme. If extra hours were admitted, the whole movement was of no use, as the supply of labour thus would not be lessened, and the price of labour would soon come down again. Further, any gain extorted from the masters was always revocable. What they wanted was legislation. A normal working day from six in the morning till six in the evening, with two hours of rest, ought to be established by legislation. The English working classes, by making use of their electoral rights to a certain extent, had carried this demand twenty-five years ago. (The speaker was alluding to Lord Ashley's Ten Hours Bill relative to women and children.) Nobody ought to be allowed to work before or after six o'clock. (Here an outburst of dissent took place.) Of course, the law ought not to apply to work performed at home or in small workshops, but only to large factories and to labour in the open air. To carry such a law they need do nothing but elect a majority of working men into Parliament. This could not be difficult with universal suffrage and the ballot, as was now the law of the land. In the meantime it was evident that the masons ought to be supported during their present strike. Let all other trades contribute from their weekly earnings. The cause of the masons was their cause.

It was easily observable that the applause proceeded each time from a very limited section of the meeting—those that thronged round the platform. Another speaker was of opinion that the normal working day was not the right thing. What they ought to have was a normal working time per day. Employer and labourer ought to be free to select what part of the twenty-four hours they choose for the work to be done. (Violent outbursts of dissent.) It would be to the advantage of cheap production if machinery were kept going without intermission, one set of hands taking the place of the other. (Violent outbursts of dissent.) That would end with the day being divided into three parts of eight hours each, and as eight consecutive hours of toil could not be borne, an hour's rest between would be introduced, which would leave seven clear working hours; and this was enough. ("And wages would be in proportion, and would not be enough." Cheers.)

To me, the attempt to turn the men on strike into adherents of State intervention in questions of labour, hitherto little known in this country, did not appear very successful. Yet it is the habit of the Communistic agitators to represent every strike that takes place, though they theoretically disapprove of strikes, to belong to the movement of which they consider themselves the instigators, to offer their assistance and advice to the trades unions, and then, if possible, to put down the number of the members of such trades unions as members of the International Society. The masons, in insisting here on higher wages, are certainly not without justification. They, no doubt, earn too little here, where their employment almost wholly ceases during more than four months of the year. But their strike hitherto has had no practical consequence. From what I could elicit from the individuals surrounding me at the meeting, the working classes here look rather more sharply and more cautiously into the intricate questions now daily put before them by agitators, than is the case anywhere else, and are far more open to arguments on both sides. The conduct of the meeting, though drink was to be had at the place, as everywhere here, even during church time, was orderly in the extreme, and with the neat Sunday wear visible everywhere, it was difficult to imagine that you moved among working men on strike for an increase of wages from 3s. to 3s. 8d. a day.

The emancipation of woman (remarks *Allen's Indian Mäil*) appears to have found a new apostle in a high-caste lady of Madras, who has been lecturing her countrymen and women in Telugu on "Human Being," whatever that may be supposed to mean. The meeting, we are told, was attended by a good many Hindu gentlemen and Pundits. Unlike her English models, the Madras lady forebore from asserting the superiority of women to men. The men, she acknowledged, had the best of it in point of learning, although she quoted a number of female Pundits who at various times had been renowned alike for their learning, their "masculine bravery," and their devotion to the fine arts. Some of them had even delivered lectures and taught morals to their husbands. Of course Mrs. Sree Rungamba Garu strengthened her reference to the "wonderful literary works of various female Pundits in the north and south of India" by an appeal to the recent march of intellect among her strong-minded sisters in Europe and America. In view of their achievements and of the great things already done by the Female Improvement Society in Calcutta, she claimed the right to lecture in aid of woman's advancement in Madras also. She promised to give a course of lectures. A Hindu lady's views of "human being" and woman's rights may afford us a new variation from the stereotyped performances of our own "Ecclesiazusæ" in the west.

The Late Division in the Lords.—The London correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, writing on Friday, says :—It is too soon to estimate the effect of last night's vote in the Lords. The numbers actually in the House when the division took place do not correctly indicate the numbers that contributed to the decision. Early in the evening the benches on the Conservative side were tolerably full, and those on the Ministerial side made a fair show of attendance; but when it became known that the discussion would be brief, and there being nothing worth waiting for in town during another hot night, the legislators of the Upper House bethought them of pairing, which they proceeded to do to the number of 57 on either side, and, having done so, many shook the dust of the capital off their feet and hastened to resume their rural repose. Lord Shaftesbury's speech and that of the Duke of Somerset appeared to produce most impression in favour of deferring legislation till next year. Lord Romilly's was by far the best delivered the other way, but no eloquence, had it been forthcoming, would have materially varied the decision. The Tory Lords had made up their minds to show the Government, as they say, that they will not be driven completely out of the privilege of discussing fairly what they are called on to agree to, and more than a third of the Whig Lords were too sore at the manner in which the Army Bill was carried to render any aid to their official friends when in difficulty.

A correspondent of the *Daily News* at Versailles says that it was expected by many people that the motion of M. Rivet, extending the powers of M. Thiers to three years, would have been thrown out, that M. Thiers would at once have resigned, and that the Duke of Aumale would have been elected in his place. The firm attitude, however, of the Chief of the Executive frightened the Right, and they scarcely knew what course to adopt. Ultimately, as already announced, it was decided that two motions should be taken into immediate consideration, one of which maintains the *status quo*, and the other gives power to M. Thiers for three years. The real struggle has yet, therefore, to come on, and cannot long be delayed. The same correspondent expresses the opinion that the motion of M. Rivet will be carried by a majority of more than 100 votes.

The semi-official conversations which were begun at Compiègne between General Manteuffel and M. Pouyer-Quertier with reference to the evacuation of the forts on the northern side of Paris have not led to any decisive result. The negotiations relative to the payments by which this evacuation is to be secured have been removed to Frankfort, and it will not, therefore, be effected so speedily as was anticipated by the French Government.

HOME AND ABROAD.

MEASURES to prevent the introduction of cholera into the kingdom by way of sea have been put in force in Denmark by Ministerial decree in so far as regards ships arriving in Danish ports from Konigsberg.

A LARGE open-air meeting was held in Birmingham on Monday night, at which a resolution was passed to the effect that the Irish people had the same right to meet in Phœnix Park, Dublin, as the English people have to assemble in Hyde Park, London.

THE arrangements for the forthcoming Church Congress in Nottingham are now complete. It will be opened on October 10 by a sermon at St. Mary's Church by the Bishop of Manchester, and an inaugural address at the Mechanics' Hall (the place where all the meetings and sections are to be held) by the Bishop of Lincoln.

FROM a record of the heat of the past few days, which has been kept at Kew, it is shown that while on Monday, the 7th inst., the maximum temperature in the sun was 112 deg. Fahrenheit, and in the shade 82, on Sunday last it had risen to 125 in the sun and 91 in the shade.

MR. BOUTWELL, the Secretary of the American Treasury, has issued a circular withdrawing the new loan, excepting a sum of 50,000,000 dols., in 5 per Cent. Bonds, offered to the national banks on the 10th.

A BRITISH subject, who has a foreign order, writes to say that, in spite of Foreign Office regulations, it is within his knowledge that several British subjects have accepted orders from foreign potentates as rewards for services wholly unconnected with war, whether by sea or land.

A LAW has been promulgated, extending from the 1st of January, 1872, to Alsace and Lorraine the application of the 33rd Clause of the Imperial Constitution, which provides that the whole of Germany be held to form one single territory as concerns Customs duties and commercial regulations.

A LETTER from Shetland states that there has been in that district most beautiful summer weather since the month of May, which was very cold, with snow and sleet, proving very disastrous in many cases to the young lambs. If the weather should continue as it has been, tourists will enjoy their trip to Shetland at this time very much. Vast numbers of them are now coming down, and the St. Magnus was so full last week, all the way from Granton to Lerwick, that it was almost impossible to find a vacant place to lie down on.

THE great tunnel under Mont Cénis, which is to be opened on the 15th of next month, will then have been completed three months before the time stipulated in the contract—viz., December, 1871. The works were commenced in 1857, and have thus been fourteen years in hand. The rate of progress has been about three yards per day. On the French side there is still part of the connecting line—about six miles in length—incomplete. This will not be ready until a month after the opening of the tunnel.

THE workmen at Chatham Dockyard have commenced fitting the iron keel-plates and frames for the *Ready* and *Rifleman*, two of the squadron of iron gun-vessels, of light draught and great speed, and heavily armoured, which are to be constructed at that establishment.

THE Emperor and Empress of Brazil arrived at Ostend early on Sunday morning from England. The King of the Belgians waited on the Imperial party at the Hôtel du Commerce before breakfast, and invited the Emperor and Empress to *déjeûner* at his hotel. The Imperial and Royal party were saluted by the provincial bands from Bruges. The King was much cheered.

BETWEEN the 23rd of August, 1869, and the 5th inst., there were attacked with foot-and-mouth disease in Cheshire 31,699 animals. Of that number 17 were killed for market, 30 for burial, 433 died, 30,637 recovered, and 582 remained under treatment.

MR. JAMES FREDERICK ROBERTS, the station-master of the Buitron Railway Terminus at San Juan del Puerto, a small town on the Rio Tinto, about six miles from Huelva, has been assassinated. The cause of the murder was that he had been compelled, on the occasion of an evening party, to cause a crowd of disorderly and uninvited people, including the man who subsequently murdered him, to be turned out of his house by the police, in order that the festivities of the evening might not be forcibly discontinued. The murderer was Juan Fernandez y Beltram, a son of the second alcalde of San Juan del Puerto. After some delay the assassin was arrested and lodged in prison.

M. WOLOWSKI presented lately in the French Chamber a bill to establish a *proportional* stamp on invoices. This scheme, considered ingenious, was previously submitted to the Committee on the Budget, which received it favourably. The proposer's idea is this: Instead of raw material being taxed, it should, on the contrary, be freed from every impediment in order not to hinder production. The manufactured article alone should be weighed on, and that only at the moment when it enters into consumption. M. Wolowski imposes on every one who sells an object, manufactured or not, the obligation to deliver an invoice, on which is placed a proportional stamp. At first sight, therefore, it would seem that raw material is taxed as well as fabricated merchandise. But such is not the case, as the first duty is only an advance on the Treasury. When the article enters into consumption, naturally an invoice is delivered with it; and that receives a new stamp *pro rata* to its value, and consequently higher than the original one. Then the manufacturer is reimbursed the first, and so finds he has only made an advance to the Government.

THERE was a discharge of joiners from Chatham Dockyard on Saturday, in consequence of there being no further need for their services at present. During the week a number of painters were also discharged from the same cause.

WE regret to learn by a telegram from Lisbon that the vine disease is making great ravages among the grapes in Portugal.

THE *Railway News* is informed that a very powerful combination of capitalists is in course of formation, which proposes to offer to all dividend-paying railway companies to take at par the whole amount of 4 per cent. debenture stock which they may require to issue during the next twelve months.

A NUMBER of colliers from Staffordshire, in addition to those previously sent, have arrived in South Wales to supply the place of those on strike. Disturbances are apprehended, and the Mountain Ash Volunteers have received orders to return their rifles and bayonets into store.

THE insurrection in Mongolia appears to have reached such formidable dimensions, and has become a cause of such formidable inconvenience to Russian interests in that quarter, that there seem reasons for believing that Russia has offered military assistance to enable the Chinese authorities to recover their hold over the tract.

THE termination of the civil war in Afghanistan, says the *Bombay Gazette*, gives undisputed power in Afghanistan to the anti-English party, and prepares the way for the spread of Russian influence—already supreme in Bokhara—in the territories adjoining our own frontier.

THE Wesleyan Conference, which has been sitting for the last fortnight at Manchester, was brought to a close on Friday evening. The proceedings are said to have been remarkable for their harmony and the great importance of the questions with regard to the economy of the Wesleyan system which have been discussed and settled.

THE *Madras Mail* describes a water-velocipede, the invention of an officer of the Madras Army. It is notable for the strength and simplicity of its machinery, its comparative immunity from the risk of capsizing, and its propelling power, which gives a minimum speed of from seven to eight miles an hour through smooth water, by the labour of one man sitting in an easy chair and treading with his feet—a speed that can be accelerated by the employment of more labour. The velocipedes of one man's power may be described as consisting of two canoes or snake boats, connected by a wooden platform, the boats being ten feet long, and one foot beam, placed three feet apart, on which rests a platform ten by three. In the centre of the platform is the crank (raised on wooden chucks), on which the bearings are placed connecting the two paddle-wheels, three feet in diameter. The dig of the paddles is about one foot. The motion is given to the crank which propels the velocipede by means of the paddle wheels, by two rods which may be called piston rods, each two and a half feet long, working through an oscillating bar three feet long, fixed at the hinder part of the platform. The motion is given the direct pressure of the operator's feet alternately on the piston rods. Owing to the length of the piston rods, and the direct action of the power applied, the exertion required for working the velocipede is not greater than that required for walking. The motion of the legs is similar, being forward, and not raised upwards and downwards to such an extent as in a sewing machine, which has always been found so objectionable. The boat has sitting room for four persons including the operator. The inventor proposes hereafter to utilise the water-velocipede by constructing large ones, to be worked by from two to four coolies, for towing the rice boats on the backwaters of Cochin and Travancore. The small velocipede, it is said, costs a little above forty rupees.

THE Bishop of Winchester laid the foundation stone of schools at Shanklin, Isle of Wight, on Saturday afternoon. Comparing the children to stones to be hewn, he said it was necessary that a good foundation should be laid now, if the building by and by was not to prove a failure. Great freedom was given as to the particular form of Christianity which the parents might choose that their children should be taught, so that each one might enjoy his own opinion as he ought to do. If, therefore, a man having the opportunity would not allow his children to be educated as a good Churchman, his lordship held that such a man made a very great mistake. For himself, he would never take part in educating children without religion. If they wanted to have the good old types of English character blown up into a set of wind-bags, they could not do it better than by giving children what was called education without morals and without religion.

A REVISED code of regulations for the government of the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, has just been issued. Admission will be determined by competition, unaccompanied by nomination, and the examination of candidates is made half-yearly by the Civil Service Commissioners. Young gentlemen wishing to compete for admission must apply to the military secretary not less than a month before the 1st of January and the 1st of July. The Academy is to be annually inspected by a board of visitors, whose report will be made to the Secretary of State for War, and presented to Parliament.

TWO of the large iron caissons constructed for the new basins at the extension works, Chatham, were successfully floated into position and fixed in their place on Saturday.

THE Paris correspondent of the *Times* telegraphs that the members of the commission charged with the examination of the propositions submitted by MM. Rivet and Aduet are not yet nominated. The discussion respecting the prolongation of the powers exercised by M. Thiers cannot commence in the National Assembly before to-day. The Duc d'Audiffret Pasquier, one of the leaders of the Orleanist party, will speak against the prolongation of the existing powers, and the selection of this spokesman clearly indicates which fraction of the Chamber is most opposed to the proposition. The supporters of the prolongation, however, believe that they can reckon upon 500 votes in favour of their plan.

THE anniversary of the relief of Derry was celebrated in Glasgow on Saturday by an Orange procession, in which upwards of 1,000 Orangemen took part. It was originally intended that, after parading the streets of the city, the various lodges should proceed to Bridge-street railway station, and thence to Johnstone by special train. The *Glasgow Star* understands, however, that a hitch occurred in the latter part of the arrangements, in consequence of the railway company having intimated to the leaders of the Orange Society that they had been interdicted from running a special train by deliverance of the sheriff of Renfrew.

ACCORDING to the *Koh-i-Noor*, an instance of the vicious practice of betrothing a girl to more than one person recently happened in Khanpore (Mooltan), where two marriage processions came at the same time at a Khatree's house to marry one and the same girl. The fact was that the father of the girl had received money from two persons, and had promised her hand to both. Fortunately, the police interfered, and the expected quarrel between the rival suitors was avoided. One of them succeeded in obtaining the girl's hand by paying to the other out of his own pocket an additional sum equal to that the girl's father had received from him. The unsuccessful suitor died in disappointment.

AN extensive fire occurred on Saturday night at the North-Eastern Railway Company's sawmills. The entire premises were burnt, and nearly all the machinery destroyed. The damage is estimated at between £3,000 and £4,000.

AT the Bristol assizes on Saturday, Mr. Latimer, proprietor of the *Western Daily Mercury*, published at Plymouth, brought an action against the publishers of the *Western Morning News*, in the same town, for libel. It was imputed to the plaintiff that he had inserted in his paper advertisements relating to the Bath and West of England Show which had not been ordered, and that he had applied to the parties for payment, in some instances with success. This allegation was denied emphatically by the plaintiff. For the defence several witnesses were called who stated that they gave no authority for the insertion of advertisements relative to the Guildford show in the plaintiff's paper. Mr. Cole replied, contending that the first libel was undefended, and that the defendants had not justified the second. The jury, after a short deliberation, returned a verdict for the plaintiff—damages £400.

A TRAIN which was standing still near Madrid has been dashed into by an express, and considerable damage is the result. Marshal Serrano and some other officers who were in the stationary train got out of the carriages they occupied, when the Marshal was struck on the foot by a flying stone and slightly wounded. Many people have been injured by the accident, although none are killed.

THE accounts from Buenos Ayres to the 9th July continue very good. The epidemic had entirely ceased, and everything was prospering. The advices from the country districts say:—"The sheep farmers have had a splendid lambing season, and the stock of sheep in the provinces has increased fully 25 per cent."

THE screw steamer *Sidonian*, which sailed from the Clyde on Saturday afternoon, went ashore the same night on Ailsa Craig during a dense fog. On the speedy arrival of the tug steamer *Flying Scud*, the steamer was successfully backed off the beach, but as she thereafter began to fill with water, she was again run upon the rock to prevent her sinking. The tug then took on board the passengers and a portion of the luggage and proceeded to Glasgow. On Sunday night also tugs with floating apparatus, pumps, and lighters arrived at the Craig, and it is confidently expected, should the fine weather continue, that the steamer will be successfully got off without any material damage being occasioned to the cargo. The *Sidonian* is a comparatively new steamer. She is 799 tons register, and is in every respect a superior vessel of her class.

ACCORDING to the Bonapartist organ, *L'Avenir Libéral*, a large number of Frenchmen from Paris and the provinces are now coming to London to pay their respects to the Emperor Napoleon, the Empress, and the Prince Imperial.

AN alarming accident occurred on Monday evening at Morpeth, where several hundred excursionists had proceeded in the morning from North and South Shields for a brass band contest. About 200 persons were standing on the chain bridge crossing the river, when it suddenly gave way with a tremendous crash, men, women, and children being thrown upon one another. The shrieks were most alarming. A number of persons were found to be injured, and it is reported that two ladies had both legs broken, a young lady's spine was injured, and a child so much injured it was not expected to recover. Numbers of persons were struck and cut by falling wood.

IT was announced in Monday night's *Gazette* that the Queen has appointed Edward Baldwin Malet, Esq., C.B., now a Second Secretary in her Majesty's Diplomatic Service, to be Secretary to her Majesty's Legation in China.

PATENT TEETH ON SOFT GUMS.—Mr. WILLIAM J. WATSON, Surgeon Dentist, 16, Newhall Street, Birmingham, begs to inform the inhabitants of the Midland Counties that he is the SOLE INVENTOR and DISCOVERER of a new system of fixing PATENT TEETH on SOFT GUMS, and he being the actual Maker, is enabled to supply Teeth at *about one-third the usual charges*. Single Teeth from 3s. 6d. each; Sets from £2 10s., including all charges. Perfectly fitted at one visit. Attendance daily from nine a.m. till eight p.m. Consultation free. [164

TO CLEAN A SILK DRESS.—Use Archer's improved Colloid, as advertised on page 380. This article is also invaluable for washing prints, muslins, and all coloured frocks or dresses for spring and summer wear. [361

FACEACHE, TOOTHACHE, TIC DOLOREUX.—ADAM SMITH'S NEURALGINE effects a certain cure.—Depôt, 39, Ann-street. Sold by all Chemists; and Gare, Green, Bagott, of Dudley. [107

Mr. Edgar, Butt Lighthouse, Island of Lewes, writes to Sir James Matheson, November 23, 1869:—"Mrs. Edgar cannot express her thanks to Lady Matheson for sending the Neuraline; it proved the most successful lotion she has ever applied. The relief experienced is almost instantaneous." Neuraline, applied externally, cures Tic Doloreux, Neuralgia, Toothache, Sciatica, Rheumatism, Rheumatic Gout, Gout, and all nerve pains. Prepared by Leath and Ross, Homœopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, and 9, Vere-street, W.; and sold by all patent medicine vendors, in bottles, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each. [448

NOTICE.—At the conclusion of the Contracts for Illustrated Advertisements now in course of fulfilment, no other Block Advertisements will be published in this Journal.

CUBIT'S ELIXIR OF STRENGTH.—A Cure for INDIGESTION, WIND, SPASMS, HEADACHE, BILIOUS LIVER COMPLAINTS: removing all Eruptions, Pimples, Freckles, and restoring to the pale countenance a beautiful, clear, healthy, and blooming appearance. Sold in cases at 33s., 22s., 11s., 4s. 6d., 2s. 9d., and small size 1s. 1½d. each, by Barclay, Farringdon Street; Kernot, Chrisp Street, Poplar; Butler, 4, Cheapside; Sanger, 150, Oxford Street; Edwards, 38, Old Change; and all Chemists. Any size sent free safely by post on receipt of stamps by Dr. CUBIT, 6, Chrisp Street, Poplar, London, E. [298

CARPETS, CURTAINS, CABINET FURNITURE.

GEO. DIACK, 212 & 213, OXFORD STREET, W., invites public attention to his Stock of Carpets, comprising all the manufactures for Dining-Rooms, Libraries, Drawing-Rooms, and Chambers; to a unique collection of Silk Fabrics from the most approved Factories of Lyons and Spitalfields.

CABINET FURNITURE OF FIRST-CLASS MAKE.

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PUBLIC generally for
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Reservoir-road.
265] W. B. WYATT, Proprietor.

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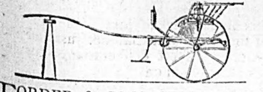

FORDER & CO.'S CELEBRATED LIGHT GIGS. Weight, 3 cwt. In stock: ready to take home with you. These Gigs are built of the very best materials, steel forgings, hickory wheels, double riveted, bent felloes, best lancewood shafts, lamps, best india-rubber apron, best cloth cushions, driving box, patent whip socket, mail patent axle with solid flaps, rubber blocks in ends of springs. Price £31 10s. nett. Warranted twelve months.—CARRIAGE WORKS, WOLVERHAMPTON. [150

MR. ESKELL, of 8, Grosvenor Street, the Author of "Pure Dentistry, and What it Does for Us," "Painless Tooth Extraction; or, Anæsthesia Locally Applied," "Dental Surgery; a Practical Treatise," "Modern Dentistry; its Principles and Practice," &c., may be CONSULTED DAILY, as hitherto, from ten to four o'clock, at his residence, 8, Grosvenor Street, Grosvenor Square (a few doors from Bond-street).

N.B.—The above works may be obtained of SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & Co., Stationers' Hall Court, of all Booksellers; or of the Author, post free for 7 stamps each. [231

WM. CARVER'S DOMESTIC SEWING MACHINES are unequalled for quality, durability, and prices. Works and Show Rooms, PARK STREET, CHEETHAM HILL ROAD, MANCHESTER. [395

DINNEFORD'S FLUID MAGNESIA. The best remedy for acidity of the stomach, heart-burn, headache, gout, and indigestion, and the best mild aperient for delicate constitutions, especially adapted for ladies, children, and infants. DINNEFORD & CO., 172, New Bond Street, London; and of all Chemists.

Use Dinneford's Friction Gloves and Belts. [225

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STANTON'S CELEBRATED COUGH PILLS are universally acknowledged to be the best for the speedy cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Influenza, Bronchitis, Consumption, and all diseases of the chest and lungs.—W. MATHER, 14, Bath Street, Newgate Street, London, and 109, Chester Road, Manchester. In boxes at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each.

CAUTION.—"W. MATHER, Chester-road, Manchester," on the Government stamp round every box. Sent Post Free for 16 Stamps. [277

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ABSTRACT FROM REPORTS OF 1870 AND 1871, SHOWING THE PROGRESS OF THE COMPANY.

1870.		1871.
£36,165 8 10	Gross Fire Income	£55,139 2 0
27,554 3 4	Nett Fire Premiums	45,243 16 10
13,111 11 1	Losses	22,766 17 7
7,555 10 6	Balance of Profit and Loss Account	12,336 11 2
17,067 10 4	Accumulated Funds (Fire and Life)	26,869 14 2
68,492 10 4	Invested Funds, including Paid-up Capital	78,294 14 2

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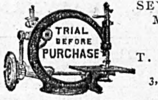

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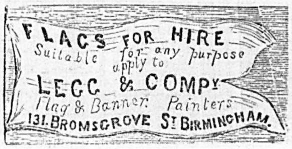

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FINE Flavoured Strong BEEF TEA, at about 2½d. a pint. Ask for LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT of MEAT, requiring Baron Liebig the Inventor's Signature on every jar, being the only guarantee of genuineness.

Excellent economical stock for soups, sauces, &c. [234

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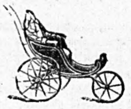

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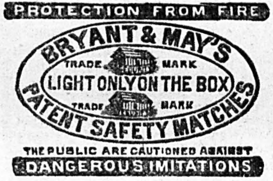

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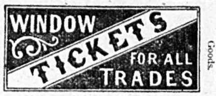

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Thos. Stock Cowie, Esq.	James Morley, Esq.
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Chief Acountant—James Gray, Esq.
Secretary—F. Clappison, Esq.

HEAD OFFICE, 21, LOMBARD STREET.
Manager—Whitbread Tomson, Esq.
Assistant Manager—William Howard, Esq.

At the Half-Yearly General Meeting of the Proprietors, held on Thursday, the 3rd August, 1871, at the City Terminus Hotel, Cannon Street Station, the following report for the half year ending June 30, 1871, was read by the secretary—

WILLIAM CHAMPION JONES, Esq., in the chair.

The Directors, in presenting to the Proprietors the balance sheet of the Bank for the half year ending the 30th of June last, have the satisfaction to report that, after paying interest to customers and all charges, allowing for rebate, and making provision for bad and doubtful debts, the net profits amount to £90,100 16s. 8d. This sum, added to £4,349 0s. 8d., brought forward from the last account, produces a total of £94,449 17s. 4d.

They have declared the usual dividend of 6 per cent., with a bonus of 3 per cent., for the half year, free of income tax, being at the rate of 18 per cent. per annum, which will absorb £90,000, and leave £4,449 17s. 4d. to be carried forward to profit and loss new account.

They have to announce the retirement of their esteemed colleague John William Burmester, Esq., from the direction, on account of advanced age, and the election of Frederick Youle, Esq., in his stead.

The dividend and bonus, together £1 16s. per share, free of income tax, will be payable at the head office, or at any of the branches, on or after Monday, the 14th inst.

BALANCE SHEET.

Of the London and County Banking Company, 30th June, 1871.

DR.		
To Capital paid up		£1,000,000 0 0
To Reserve Fund		500,000 0 0
To amount due by the Bank for customers' balances, &c.	£14,405,287 15 2	
To liabilities on acceptances, covered by securities	2,640,138 5 9	
		17,145,426 0 11
To profit and loss balance brought from last account	4,349 0 8	
To gross profit for the half-year, after making provision for bad and doubtful debts, viz.:	251,931 6 2	
		256,280 6 10
		£18,901,706 7 9
CR.		
By cash on hand at Head Office and branches, and with Bank of England	£2,130,797 4 3	
By cash placed at call and at notice, covered by securities	2,131,464 11 0	
		£4,262,261 15 3
Investments, viz.: By Government and guaranteed stocks	1,400,764 15 9	
By other stocks and securities	145,102 7 6	
		1,545,867 3 3
By discounted bills and advances to customers in town and country	10,061,582 2 2	
By liabilities of customers for drafts accepted by the Bank (as per contra)	2,640,138 5 9	
		12,701,720 7 11
By freehold premises in Lombard Street and Nicholas Lane, freehold and leasehold property at the branches, with fixtures and fittings		245,735 9 10
By interest paid to customers		38,220 6 3
By salaries and all other expenses at Head Office and branches, including income tax on profits and salaries		107,901 5 3
		£18,901,706 7 9

DR. PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.	
To interest paid to customers, as above	£38,220 6 3
To expenses	107,901 5 3
To rebate on bills not due, carried to new account	15,708 18 0
To dividend of 6 per cent. for half-year	60,000 0 0
To bonus of 3 per cent.	30,000 0 0
To balance carried forward	4,449 17 4
	£256,280 6 10
CR.	
By balance brought forward from last account	4,349 0 8
By gross profit for the half-year, after making provision for bad and doubtful debts	251,931 6 2
	£256,280 6 10

We, the undersigned, have examined the foregoing balance-sheet, and have found the same to be correct.

(Signed) WM. JARDINE,
WILLIAM NORMAN,
RICHARD H. SWAINE, } Auditors.

London and County Bank, July 27, 1871.

The foregoing Report having been read by the Secretary, the following resolutions were proposed and unanimously adopted:—

"1. That the report be received and adopted, and printed for the use of the shareholders.

"2. That the thanks of this meeting be given to the Board of Directors for the able manner in which they have conducted the affairs of the Company."

(Signed) W. CHAMPION JONES, Chairman.

The chairman having quitted the chair, it was resolved, and carried unanimously:—

"3. That the cordial thanks of this meeting be presented to William Champion Jones, Esq., for his able and courteous conduct in the chair."

(Signed) P. P. BLYTH, Deputy Chairman.
(Extracted from the Minutes.)
(Signed) F. CLAPPISON, Secretary.

LONDON AND COUNTY BANKING COMPANY.—Notice is Hereby Given, that a DIVIDEND on the Capital of the Company, at the rate of 6 per cent. for the half-year ending 30th June, 1871, with a bonus of 3 per cent., will be PAID to the proprietors, either at the Head Office, 21, Lombard Street, or any of the Company's branch banks, on or after MONDAY, the 14th instant.

By order of the Board,
W. M'KEWAN, General Manager.
21, Lombard Street, Aug. 4, 1871.

247, 249, 251, REGENT STREET,
July, 1871.

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WILLIAM J. VIAN, Secretary. [223

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